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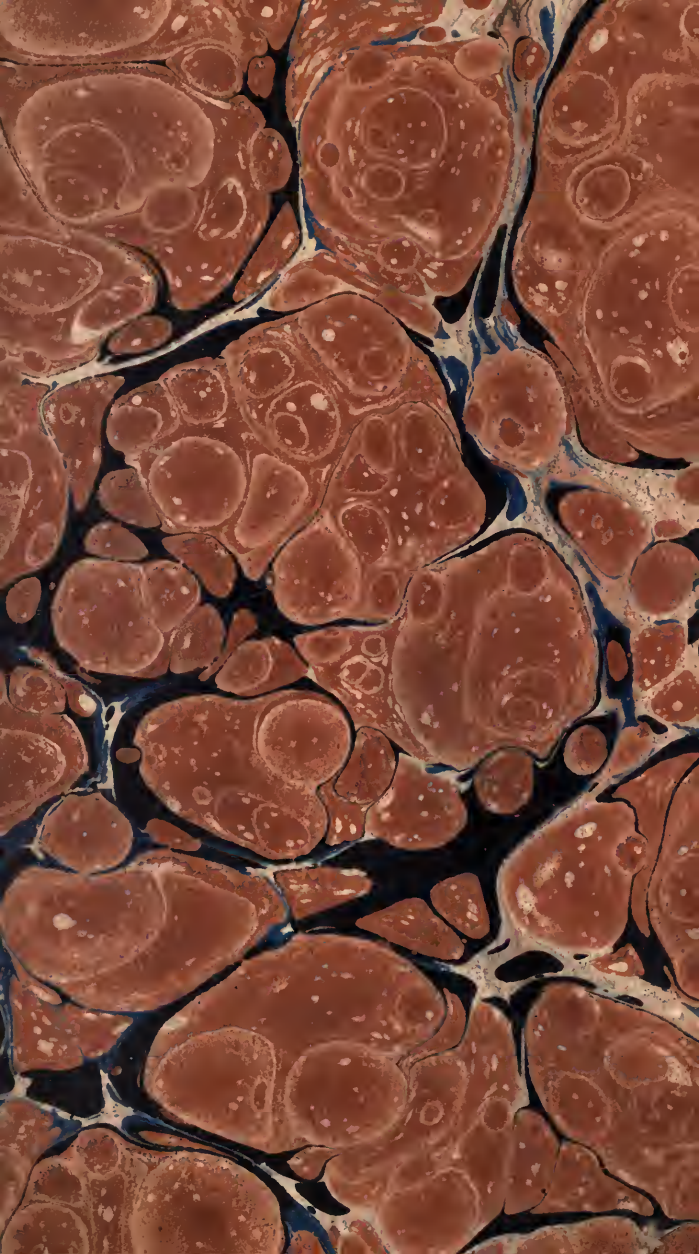

ORIGINAL

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

BY THE

REV. B. JOHNSON,

Late Assistant in the Grammar School, Doncaster.

SECOND EDITION,

IN WHICH ARE INTERSPERSED,

A FEW APPROVED PIECES

From the Works of

COWPER AND OTHERS.

London:

Printed for and sold by

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TO THE

Right Honourable

WENTWORTH FITZWILLIAM,

EARL FITZWILLIAM,

&c. &c.

THESE POEMS

ARE

(BY HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION)

MOST

HUMBLY INSCRIBED AND DEDICATED

By his Lordship's most obliged,

And most devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE

AUTHOR'S ADDRESS

TO HIS

READERS.

IT is remarked by the celebrated ADDISON in the Beginning of his Works, that the first Questions, which are asked concerning an Author, are not about the merit or demerit of his Writings; but whether he is short or tall? fair or brown? where he lives? who his Ancestors were? &c. It was this, I suppose, that prompted him so

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often to mention his "*Short Phiz.*" Could I as easily satisfy my Readers about the merit of my Poems, as I can answer the other Questions, it would be a happy circumstance; but, as I doubt, I cannot, I will leave both the *one* and the *other* to their own observation.

Another Question will probably be asked----"How came You to write Poems?"

There is a certain "*Cacoethes scribendi*," an Itch for writing placed in the fingers of *some* Men; it possesses the quality of other Itches; for it will keep them ſcratching, almoſt, in ſpite of themſelves.

"But if you muſt write, why did you publiſh?"

Some publiſh thro' the Perſuaſion of Friends, some thro' Vanity, and some thro' Want of Money. I will act ingenuously in confeſſing it was not *any* of the three which induced me to publish---for it was *all* the three combined.---Thus, kind Reader, I have given you an Account of my little performance.

"An *Account!*---why, you have given no Account at all!"

Indeed, if You think ſo, I cannot help it; for it is, most certainly, the best I can give.

I have, however, an Apology to make to my *English* Readers for the insertion of the LATIN ODE. The singularity of the attempt will render it amusing to the *Learned*, and, I hope, by ſubjoining a Translation to escape Cenſure from *others*.

The AUTHOR.

DONCASTER,
September 1, 1805.

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Poems

on

Serious Subjects.

AN

EVENING SONG.

Ite domum - - - venit Hesperus!
Get home, night is coming!

VIRG.

HOW sweet is the scent of the grove!
How pleasant the gloom of the glade!
Here Dryads and Wood-Nymphs might rove,
And hide them from PAN in the shade.

How blest is the man, who enjoys,
Unrack'd with the cares of the great,
Serenity's self, which ne'er cloys
This lovely and quiet retreat!

But see the dull shades of the night
Creep silent along thro' the dale!
Now see the last glimmer of light,
Begins on the mountain to fail!

Hark!—the Curlew loud whistles from far;
The Bitt'ren roars in the glen;
The Night-Hawk shrill whirrs in the air:
The Frog hoarsely croaks in the fen.

Ye Hens and ye Chickens beware!
The Plund'rer's going to roam;
Ye Shepherds make haste to your snare,
But leave your poor Lambkins at home!

I saw the sly Villian creep forth,
I saw him when winding the lea;
He rear'd up his head to the north,
As he listen'd the cock on the tree.

But look to the sky—how serene!
The canopy azure is drest,
Not a cloud overshadows the scene,
But a little one seen in the East.

The Moon-Light now strikes thro' the grove,
She rises in glory serene,

The cloud which now hovers above,
Will soon to her beams intervene.

Thus *Scandal* may rule for a day,
May blacken the face of a man:
But *Truth* its bright beams will display,
And chear up his visage again.

From the cloud she emerges anew,
The Earth's dirty shadow's between;
Scarce half of her orb we can view,
Anon there'll be none to be seen.

True likeness of creatures below,
Which vary their fashion each day,
Their vanity thus they may shew;
Thou shew'st them—they vanish away.—

Look there at that beautiful Star!
'Tis VENUS, the Goddess of LOVE;
See MARS! how he glows for the war;
And *that* is ORION above!

Ye Suns, which illumine the sky,
Perhaps ye're abodes for the just:
The *Just* like the *Wicked* must die,
And moulder like them in the dust:

The *one* on Hope's glitt'ring wings
Shall soar to the Mansions of Day;
The *other*, the Prophet well sings,
Shall wish to lie hid in the clay.

But, see! the cold vapours of night
Condensing below in the vale;
Let's leave the magnificent sight,
At home I can finish my tale.

Thus sung the sweet Songster of Don,
As he leant on the arm of his fair,
She listen'd, entranc'd to his song,
Forgetful of sorrow and care.

THE SEQUEL

OF THE

EVENING SONG.

" *Majora canamus.* "

Let's sing of nobler things.

VIRG.

RETURN'D I will finish my lay,
From *mortal* I'll rise to *divine*;
I've sung of the Close of the Day,
Of the Moon and the Stars how they shine.

Who made the bright Æther so gay?
Who gemm'd it with stars without end,
*Rejoicing to run on their way,
In circles eternal to bend?

Can MATTER to *Matter* be *Cauſe*?
Or make itself start out of *nought?*

" *Rejoiceth, as a Giant, to run his course. " Psalm, 19, 5

Can *Matter* give *Motion* its laws?
Can *Matter* give *Action* or *Thought?*

Ah, no! there is SOMETHING above
That spoke the great *Fiat*, "BE DONE!"
A Being of Mercy and Love,
Who bid them their courses to run.

Who balanc'd this globe in the void,
Who breath'd his own breath into man,
A *Breath* which can ne'er be destroy'd,
But returns to it's Owner again.

Ye Seraphs who sing round his Throne,
For once lend a Mortal your skill;
You hymn your CREATOR alone,
I'll hymn him—and bend to his will.

'Twas HE, who first mellow'd my voice,
An Infant to sing in his praise;
'Tis HE, who now makes me rejoice,
And honour his name in my lays.

'Twas He, when unskill'd in my youth,
'Tis He, who in Manhood's full prime,
Tunes my Song to give *Glory* to *Truth*,
And makes me to look beyond time.

When Spring sheds its blessings around,
When Summer dry parches the field,
When Autumn from Him glads the ground
Or its stores we see Winter to yield.

My voice shall rise chearful—at dawn of each day,
I'll warble a Note to his love,
I'll praise him on earth and when laid in the clay
I'll sing with the Seraph above.

No more, my kind Fair—for our nature wants rest,
From time we will borrow an hour; blest,
We'll pray ere we sleep that our Souls may be
We'll leave ourselves quite to his pow'r.

AN HYMN.

"I will sing of the Mercies of the Lord for ever,"

Psalm, 89, 1.

WHETHER amidst the shades of night (I stray,
Or view the Landskips in the face of day;
When bright Aurora from her radiant eyes
Spreads light diffusive o'er the ruddy skies;
Or when the Sun his glorious chariots guides
To visit other lands and other tides;
Still shall my Song in grateful homage rise
To the great Ruler of the Earth and Skies.
'Twas he at first inspir'd my feeble lay;

For this and all his gifts I'll homage pay,
In grateful, tho' in rustic numbers sing,
And soar to Heav'n upon a Seraph's wing.
When rapt in wonder, I survey this Earth
All NATURE teeming, bursting into birth;

Tho' plac'd almoſt beneath the Artic Pole,
The year ſtill changes, as the ſeaſons roll,
Spreads peace and plenty o'er the fruitful plain
And Love celeſtial manifeſts its reign.—
But if my wond'ring eyes I upward turn,
Lo! lamps on lamps with light eternal burn:
Impell'd by his Almighty hand they ſtray
Thro' trackleſs Æther, and ne'er miſs their way;
But ſtill returning where they firſt begun,
Still changing, and—yet never changing run.
Oh! what am I, that thou ſhou'dſt always be
Thus gracious and beneficent to me!
Rais'd from the duſt by thy Almighty Pow'r,
To *live*—To *die*—perhaps within the hour.
And yet for me the ſun diſtributes light,
The moon diſpels the diſmal gloom of night.
Thro' ev'ry danger by thy hand I'm led,
And round me ſtill thy healing wings are ſpread:
When 'midſt the ſtorm, where horror reigns, I
ſtray,

Around my head the livid light'nings play;
The clouds tremendous, bursting shake the pole,
And thro' the wide Concave the thunders roll,
Secure from danger by thy friendly aid
I'll laud thy goodness, chearful, undismay'd.
Hail, SOVEREIGN GOODNESS! great instructive MIND!
Thyself inscrib'd in all thy works we find!
Alike in purling Rills as in the Seas,
Or in the Whirlwind or the whisp'ring Breeze,
In wint'ry Storms, in Summer's parched fields,
In smiling Spring, in fruits the Autumn yields,
In Earth below, or in the Heav'ns above,
We view the traces of ALMIGHTY LOVE.
Oh! grant that I THY Goodness may adore
While thus in rapture I thy works explore;
May rise from *faith* to *grace*, from *earth* to *heav'n*,
And find at last my failings all forgiv'n.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

" *Nil admirari propè res est una, Numici,*
Solaq; quæ potest facere, & servare beatum. "
HOR.

" *To live happy in this world we must withdraw our attention from any particular object.* "
TILLOTSON.

"OH Happiness our Beings end and aim,
Contentment, pleasure, ease, whate'er thy name. "
We seek thee still but, Oh! how seldom find,
While here below this blessed peace of mind.
As truant school-boys chase a painted fly
Across the meads,—they throw their satchels by,
Pursue the gaudy thing, now here, now there,
With step unwearied, and the nicest care;
Till on some flow'r the flutt'rer makes a stand,
They rush to sieze—and kill it with their hand.

So we this bubble *Happiness* pursue,
Tho' still deceiv'd we still the chace renew.
" *Glory* is Happiness! "—The Soldier cries,
Then rushes on the cannon's mouth —and dies.
Riches is Happiness!—The miser says, (days!
Half starv'd, half hungred spends his joyless
The hardy Merchant ploughs the raging main,
And places all his Happiness in *Gain.* (shrouds,
But see! the storm bursts dreadful thro' the
The livid light'ning rends the nitrous clouds;
O'er the tall ship high beats the briny wave,
And ends his pleasures in a wat'ry grave. (guile,
The gen'rous Youth with heart devoid of
Who seeks for pleasure in his Fair-One's smile,
Deserted and deceiv'd by some false maid
His love neglected, confidence betray'd,
Mourns o'er his fate now hopeless, past relief,
Drags out a life of endless woe and grief.—
Honour's a shadow, Friendship's but a name,
Learning's a doubt, nay, ALL on earth the same!

Is this the Joy the WORLD has to bestow!
This the Content of mortals here below!
Go, search the Globe, search round from Pole to Pole,
As far as winds can blow or waters roll;
Search men and books, search earth and sea and air,
And then you'll find no *Happiness* is there.
On wings of Hope and Faith to Heav'n then soar,
And there you'll find *true* happiness in store:
Such as no eye has seen, no tongue can tell,
Which GOD prepares for those, who love him well.

THE LASPE of TIME.

Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni!
Alas! my Friend, how swift the Years glide on!

HOR.

"TIME's on the wing!" (cries each fleeting object
Which grows, decays, and the same moment—dies.
* The short-liv'd insects of a summer's day,
Which on the Ganges' verdant borders play,
Start into life when Phœbus gilds the sky,
And when he leaves it, droop their wings & die.
True Emblem these of sublunary joys,
Of Pride, of Pomp, of Glitter and of Noise.—
The Day scarce rises ere it sets in Night;
The Darkness flies at the approaching Light:
The blushing Spring the scorching Summer flies;

* The Ephemeron or Ephemeris.

Autumn succeeds:—the stormy tempests rise,
And Winter comes:—thus rolls the fleeting year,
Ye thoughtless mortals mark *this* truth; and fear.

The Spring of Life may ev'ry grace supply,
The auburn locks, full cheek and speaking eye;
With well-knit nerves your active body grace
Or for the Bruiser, or the nimble Race.—
"Time's on the wing."—and as he passes you,
Sill unrelenting, takes these Blessings too!
Spurn the full Tide!—Fool!—stops it on the shore? (more!
Blockade Time's course, and bid him pass no
It cannot be!—your vigour must decay
In vain lamented, when it's swept away!

But anxious Care and rapid Time combin'd
To spoil the Body, and torment the Mind;
Man droops, he fades, e'er half his race is run,
Like the mown grass beneath the scorching sun.
Go! tell my LAURA!—tell her not to trust,

To what must shortly mould'ring lie in dust.—
Thus thou must say;—" That like the fleeting
shade
"The passing vapour o'er the earth has made;
"Like morning's dew, which dries within the
hour,
"Like the fair blossom, or the op'ning flow'r;
"As frail as these am I! "—I hear the truth,
Spoke loud as thunder 'midst the sports of youth.
In health and strength the thoughtless Young-
Forgets the terrors of a future day; (ster gay,
Fearless of danger onward still they go
To meet grim Death, the Happy's greatest foe.
Not so with me,—A fount of wisdom springs
From health decay'd—For as great WALLER
sings;
"The soul's dark cottage batter'd and decay'd
"Lets in new light thro' chinks, which time
has made "

One useful lesson in this school I learn'd
From fierce disorders, yet not dearly earn'd:—
"That all the riches which this world can give,
"Are scarce enough to bribe a man to live;
"Honours and titles, empty form and shew
"Attend us not where we must shortly go;
"Our Life's itself, a bubble quickly broke
"As irrecoverable as a word when spoke."
Thus frail, thus fleeting, thus short-liv'd am I,
Come just to look around me, and—to die!
Act a short part allotted in the play,
Till the scene drops, and I am call'd away.
Oh! may I then each faculty engage
To gain a PLAUDIT, when I leave the stage;
May the POOR'S Blessing, and the WIDOW'S Tear
Dropt for *my* loss, attend upon *my* Bier!

AN INVOCATION

TO

FRIENDSHIP.

" *In nature's fairest form is ought so fair*
As virtuous Friendship? "

AKENSIDE.

HAIL sacred FRIENDSHIP, principle divine!
Where graces endless in perfection shine;
Pure Emanation from the Throne of Heav'n,
In scanty portions to us Mortals giv'n.
Averse to glitter in the splendid dome,
Thou lov'st to make the humble cot thy home:
Retir'd from courts, from all that's great and gay,
Where pride, ambition, folly bear the sway.
Thou lov'st to tread the lowlier walks of life,
Unhurt by envy, unimpair'd by strife.

Sweet is the converse, sweet the friendly smile,
These ev'ry heart-felt anxious care beguile;
Soothe ev'ry sorrow in the human breast,
And lull at once the sighing heart to rest.
How mean, how base, how wretched must he be,
Who no acquaintance has commenc'd with thee;
Whose soul still bias'd by some selfish end,
Can view the World and say; "*I've not a* FRIEND!
Oh! rather place me, where the orient day
Gilds *Java's* mountains with its ruddy ray;
Or stretch'd on rocks, where ceaseless billows roar
With boist'rous rage on *California's* shore;
Far from the sight of Man, where human tread
Ne'er mark'd a passage to the Indian's shed:
Or rather let me by one stroke be hurl'd
From light and life, forgotten by the world,

Than leave me robb'd of ev'ry gen'rous friend,
Who zealous now dares even ME defend.
Come then propitious, welcome is thy reign!
But ten times more if *Love* be in thy train;
Together bind your chains, and let me be
A willing captive to both *him* and *thee*.
I'll bless you for the joys, which ye impart,
And nought but death shall rend you from my heart.
Possess'd of you long *Danum's* banks I'll stray,
And see it wind its solitary way;
Sing to your praise divine a jocund strain,
And ev'ry thought be joy and peace again.

ON DEATH.

Omnia mors æquat.
Death levels all.

CLAUDIAN.

YES, all must die!—a year, a month, a day,
An hour perhaps the longest I've to stay;—
E'en now the sacred mandate from on high
Proclaims the awful summons—*I must die*;
Or if not now—a few short years and then
This heap of dust returns to dust again.
What art thou DEATH!—Tremendous *Tyrant* say
Which, like a flood, poor mortals sweep'st away;
Sweep'st us from hence to land us on a shore,
Where once arriv'd we must return no more:
Methinks, I hear him whisper this reply;
"Learn first to live, and thou'lt not fear to die;

"Waft now in time the best of treasures o'er;
"Freight deep thy vessel for that dreaded shore,
"With truth, with justice, charity and love,
"Affections fixt upon the realms above.
"If thus thou'lt act,—no King of Terrors I,
"But an expected Angel from on high,
"A kind, a gentle Messenger of Peace
"Sent to conduct thee to eternal ease."—

Oh thou *kind* BEING, LORD of *me* and *all!*
May I be ready, when thou'rt pleas'd to call!
Blot earth-born cares entirely from my Mind,
That it mayn't cast one ling'ring look behind.

My Soul triumphant o'er this world of woe
Shall joy to leave all sorrow here below;
Shall clap its wings, and in a moment rise
Thro' trackless Æther to the blissful Skies.

SELF-LOVE.

To a FRIEND.

"SELF-LOVE, *the Spring of Motion acts the* SOUL!"
How mean a passion Reason to controul!
Yet thus POPE sung:—Can what he sung be true!
I'll leave the Poet and appeal to you.—
I'll search the Breast, where gen'rous virtues rule;
And prove e'en *Pope* mistaken or a fool!
Is it SELF-LOVE, which opes the lib'ral hand
To spread its blessing o'er a starving land?
To dry the tears, which blind the widow's eyes,
And make the orphan's heart with rapture rise?
Is it SELF-LOVE, which bids our tears to flow,
When unreliev'd we see another's woe?
I thought SELF-LOVE wou'd sure consult its ease,

Its own mean *Self* still to admire and please;
Not seek distress—to ease another's pain!
Not chuse to weep—that others might refrain!
But, oh! cou'd I dry up the tears from thine,
Eternal drops might blear these eyes of mine;
Unpitied I cou'd weep—unpitied, die;
Ah happy state! in sweet oblivion lie!

What dreadful ills wou'd human life o'er run,
And man converse with man to be undone;
No social tye the savage breast cou'd rein,
If this wild principle cou'd break the chain,
All friendly commerce, by its sway, must end,
Adieu at once to Brother, Lover, Friend:—
Make Anarchy and Hell the world controul,
And one *Egyptian* Darkness shade the whole!

How diff'rent speaks the BIBLE on your shelf,
'Tis—" Love thy NEIGHBOUR *as thou lov'st*
THYSELF."—
But Poets' brains dictate their idle song,
And oft confound the laws of *Right* and *Wrong*;

To make their verse with harmony to chime,
They'll damn the *Sense* to meliorate the *Rhyme*.
I must confess to blame HIM must be bold,
But *Truth's* expressive, when the truth is told.—
Then thus—The youth, whose heart fond passion warms,
Whom ardour melts to love, and beauty charms;
Who leans with rapture on his Fair one's breast,
Presses her lips—and dares to wish the rest:
Yet checks the flame — makes innocence his guide,
Can mean *Self-Love* o'er such a soul preside?
Or does not virtue his fond bosom move?
His sense of *Honour?*—or his sense of *Love?*
Love for his Fair the virtuous man will sway,
And all his thoughts will brave the clearest day.

COMMERCE.

HAIL social COMMERCE! thou alone can'st bind
In one close bond remotest of mankind;
Can jarring worlds by interest reconcile,
And make e'en *Turks* upon the *Christians* smile;
Can knowledge spread from *Groenland's* frozen shore,
To where the waves thro' straits *Magellan* pour;
Can round the Globe the well built vessel steer,
And teach e'en cowards to be void of fear.
Sure round his heart were tripple plates of brass,
Who dar'd at first the trackless ocean pass;
Who heard the boist'rous billows round him roar,
When far remov'd each hospitable shore;
Who saw unmov'd the terrifying scene,
When him and death two inches laid between.
My Verse shou'd speak it, if I knew his name,

And if I'd pow'r immortalize his fame:
E'en *names* can die, else HIS had been secur'd
In Fame's fair Volume, while the moon endur'd.
Ye Conqu'rors of the World!—ye Tyrants, say!
In all the pride of pow'r, the pomp of sway;
When, o'er the plain, you lead th' embattled host;
And, unconcern'd, see lives of Millions lost;
When nations ruin'd rise before your view,
Say—how much better was *that man* than *you?*
Who adds to *mis'ry?*—or who adds to *joys?*—
Who mankind *blesses?*—or mankind *destroys?*
At first the simple boat with cautious oar,
The stars unknowing, crept along the shore;
When night approach'd they haul'd their boat to land,
And slept secure upon the oozy strand. (race,
Till *Tyre's* bold sons, a brave adven'trous
Dar'd sweep the seas, and rove from place to place,

By night, by day, the Sun, the Stars their guide,
Their vessels bounded o'er the swelling tide:
TYRE, Queen of Nations, empires cou'd command,
Tho' in its wide domain no foot of *Land*!
Its MERCHANTS, PRINCES, every wind, which blew,
The wealth of nations to their coffers drew.—
From *Tyre* descended CARTHAGE next arose,
Whom *Rome* confest the greatest of its foes;
'Twas COMMERCE made e'en *Rome* itself to fear,
And dar'd dispute the Tyrant's bold career.
Carthage destroy'd—it flourish'd then no more,
Again the boat crept cautious long the shore.
In after-times the *Magnet's* hidden pow'r,
By chance invented in a lucky hour,
Gave COMMERCE wings—around from pole to pole
On ev'ry shore, where ocean's billows roll,
The sail expanding courts the swelling breeze,
And wealth-fraught keels in safety cut the seas.

But most advent'rous, skilful best to guide
The daring vessel thro' the roaring tide,
The BRITONS rose;—of Britons COOK the boast,
Who left unsearch'd, not e'en th' *Antartic* coast,
Shew'd *British Ensigns* to each wond'ring pole,
And steer'd his ship, where waters ceased to roll!
Woe to the *Place!—may storms eternal roar,
And tempest, still unceasing curse the shore;
May—but no more!—TH' ALMIGHTY'S will be done,
E'en COOK cou'd perish, when his race was run!
Hail COMMERCE!—hail! to thee alone we owe
The comforts, which from wealth and plenty flow:
Confin'd within the rocks of ALBION'S Isle,
Our food alone the product of its soil;
The gen'rous grape to us wou'd ne'er impart
Its sparkling juice to warm and cheer the heart:

* O-why-hee. Lat. 22 N. Long. 200 E. nearly.

No silken vest wou'd clothe the British Fair,
No Di'monds sparkle in their auburn hair.
Our fleecy herds, which now our coffers fill,
Might stray, unknown, unheeded o'er the hill.
Condemn'd the product of the lab'ring loom
To clothe a few *starv'd Britons* here at home.
But now where'er Sol spreads his cheering ray,
The dauntless Briton can his wares display;
Clothe the wild *Indian*, and his furs receive,
Or grasp the spices the *Arabia's* give;
Can rob *Golconda* of its sparkling store,
And ransack *Ophir* for its golden ore. (main,
Now, *Queen* of *Nations*, BRITAIN rules the
Her MERCHANTS too, like *Tyrian* PRINCES
reign!—
'Twas daring *Commerce*, whose unceasing toil
Raised WOODEN-WALLS round Albion's fruit-
ful Isle;
WALLS, which for ages have unconquer'd stood;
(Stronger than brass are walls of *English* wood)

These our defence the savage foes we brave;
And send them headlong to a wat'ry grave,
Hail COMMERCE!—hail! the Briton's pride and
boast:
Long may'st thou flourish on our happy coast.—
But what's the Good?—where Av'rice is the
guide,
Or what's the Blessing can't be misapplied?
A thirst for wealth forgets the MINE & THINE,
And *human* laws run counter to *divine*;
Or else cou'd *Britons*, glorying to be free,
Bind fellow-men in chains of slavery? (come,
Blush Britons!—blush!—perhaps a day may
When ruthless hands may force you from your
home;
To *Afric's* shores again may *Commerce* roll,
And sable plund'rers riot in your spoil;

From parents children, wives from husbands torn
To plant for *Negroes* in the torrid Zone.
Sure Heav'n is just, and this is Heav'n's decree,
"*Tormenting* OTHERS, *torments wait for* THEE."
Redeem the time—and ere it be too late,
Call down a blessing on your tott'ring state:
Subservient to the ends of peace and joy,
Let COMMERCE *bless* mankind—but not *destroy*!

THE UNIVERSAL WISH.

Grata mihi pax arva colat.

'Tis pleasing PEACE, *which tills my Fields.*
TIBUL.

SEARCH the whole globe, my Friend, from Pole to Pole,
As far as winds can blow, or waters roll,
From where the Sun first beams his ruddy ray,
To shores he brightens at the close of day.
One gen'ral wish prompts the eternal sigh,
And tongues of Millions join the common cry.
Each anxious bosom pants to be at ease,
And all they ask of Heav'n's CONTENT and PEACE.

Caught by a tempest, when the waters roar,
Without a sight, without a hope of shore,

When winged light'nings thro' the gloomy day
In dreadful *Zigzags* round the Sailors play,—
Stretch'd in their tents on beds of frozen straw,
Where *Volga's* streams in rapid torrents flow;
Far from their home the hardy *Russians lie
Doom'd by the sword or by disease to die,—
These wish for *Peace*;—but what the ills they bear
To the vexations of corroding care.—
Haste seek for other lands, another sky,
Who'll bear a tyrant, when he's pow'r to fly:
Climb the tall *Barque*, the roaring billows plow,
The tyrant climbs the Ship as well as you:
Mount the fleet *Courser*, and outstrip' the wind,
Attending care the horseman sits behind.
Can stately domes?—Can palaces of state?
The splendid luxuries of the Rich and Great?
Can the gay ribband, or the glitt'ring star

* This was wrote in 1787, during the war between the RUSSIANS and TURKS.

Ease the sick heart, or smoothe the brow of care?
Then why should we, whose race of life begun
May set in night before to-morrow's sun,
Strive, struggle, grieve or without mean or end,
And mourn incessant what we cannot mend?
What mortal lives?—nay, since the birth of time,
Say, was there one in any age or clime,
Whose happy life no cares have ever crost,
Nor wife, nor child, nor friend, nor fortune lost?
"Man's born to mourn!"—then why should we complain,
'Tis Heav'n's decree, and Heav'n we thwart in vain,
If we are smitten let us kiss the Rod,
The Hand, which lifts it, is the Hand of GOD.
Whate'er's our fate let's not too much repine
But bow submissive to his will divine:
So may we hope when this frail life shall cease
To find with HIM this much desir'd *Peace.*

A LETTER

TO

A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

SWEET thy Discourse!—Sweet as the perfumes shed
By holy hands on *Aaron's* sacred head;
Clear as the dew on *Hermon's* holy hill,—
Smooth as a lake—yet rapid as a rill—
Rapt in *Elijah's* Car you seem'd to go,
And led from things above to things below;
Taught *Sinful Man* to be the *Child* of Heav'n,
And shew'd, thro' CHRIST, how sins wou'd be forgiv'n.
Let flinty hearts gainsay, let Atheists jeer,
But steady thou the self-same Journey steer.
Happy the flock, which such a Shepherd guides!
Happy the Church, where piety presides!

Forget, dear Sir, this world's unjust decrees,
Regard it not—'tis Heav'n we're made to please;—
Let this bright thought thy darkest prospect cheer,
Tho' thou'rt not * "Rich with *forty* Pounds a Year;"
Tho' struggling thro' this wretched vale of life
Encumber'd with four children and a wife;
Tho' Rich and Great may each one "*have his day*,"
At last, perhaps, thou'lt happier be than they:
Richer than rich, and greater than the great;
Higher than Emp'rors in a royal Seat.—
What can the world, and all its pomp afford
To one, who reigns Co-HEIR with CHRIST the LORD?

* Goldsmith.

SLAVERY

OF THE

PASSIONS.

OH what is Man!—The haughty Lordling reigns
O'er earth and sea, yea! all the world contains,
Says all were made his Behests to obey,
Tho' he's ten-times a greater slave than they:
Slave to each passion wayward fancy moves,
Alike a Slave or when he fears, or loves:
Some Av'rice rules—Profusion sways the rest;
All seeking happiness—while none are blest!
Why shou'd I then complain, if I don't find
Tranquillity, Content and Peace of mind?
Perhaps e'en some, who look as gay as I,
Weep when alone, or when in secret sigh;
Like me can mourn, because they must endure

Those heart-felt Sorrows, which admit no cure.
If hard the Lot, when dread misfortunes press,
We dare not even hope to meet redress,
Thrice wretched then am I—but Thousands more
As great misfortunes (tho' not worse) deplore.
To you I write not, who have hearts of steel,
Ign'rant of pity, and unus'd to feel,
But to the heart, which others' woes can move,
Experienc'd, knows how dreadful 'tis—to love.
And yet be banish'd from the Charmer's sight
Lost to each cheerful joy, each fond delight.
Ah! what is life!—when ev'ry joy is fled,
Thrice welcome then the Mansions of the Dead!
No care can there the anxious breast invade,
Cure of all ills th' unfeeling Sexton's Spade.
Then who wou'd live to drag a load of woe
Thro' years, which roll still melancholy, slow?

Endure the pangs of palsied age and pain,
And added sorrow be the yearly gain.
No! let me rather, since severe my lot,
Steal to the grave by ev'ry friend forgot.—
But can I be forgot?—One loving friend
There still remains to weep her J*****n's end;
And while *One* lives to whom my life is joy,
So long to guard it shall my thoughts employ.
But if Death calls, whom mortals must obey,
All my affection can't protract my stay
But *Love* shall rule e'en then as in the past,
And "*shield her Heav'n!*"—The words I breath
the last.

EPITAPH

ON AN

INFANT.

"ALL Flesh is Grass! "—The Heav'n taught Prophet cries,
Blooms for a day, then with'ring fades and dies!
Behold it prov'd!—*Sweet Innocent*, you've soar'd
To the blest presence of your gracious LORD;
Have fled the miseries, which we feel below
To taste of pleasures, which eternal flow,
Pure and unmixt with ev'ry base alloy,
Unthought-of pleasure, and untasted joy.
This vale of tears replete with grief and woe
By dear experience you'd no time to know;
View'd it but slightly, did not like the place,
So chang'd it gladly for the *realms* of GRACE.

HUMAN LIBERTY

DESCRIBED.

WHAT's LIBERTY!—a Name!—an empty Sound!
How often sought, but, oh; how seldom found!
His whole existence let us freely scan,
And then we'll see the *Liberty* of man.
Imprison'd first we find him in the womb
Press'd head to heel till his full time is come;
When struggling forth in light he opes his eyes
And weeps, prophetic, future miseries.
For years, so helpless, he must be a slave,
And diff'rent tyrants the dominion have;
A nurse's, Parent's, or a pedant's sway
Successive rule him and he must obey.—
"This lasts not long," some reader will reply,
"I am a *Freeman*, you can't this deny;

"For when dubb'd *Man* I spread my canvass wide
"And launch'd my vessel freely in the tide."
Stop, Friend, and see! how boist'rous billows rise
And lift thy tott'ring vessel to the skies:
Not to remain—contrary winds will blow,
And plunge thee headlong in the gulph below.
Thus to each ruling passion thou'rt a slave,
'Till death to *free* thee *pris'ns* thee in the GRAVE.
What's *Liberty*!—a Name!—an empty sound!
How often sought, but oh! how seldom found!

THE FOLLOWING LINES

ARE INSCRIBED TO THE

MEMORY of Mrs. D---. of A---.

PEACE to thy Shade! Life's struggles soon were o'er
In vain we weep,—in vain thy loss deplore.—
Inexorable Death! whose ruthless pow'r
Sweeps friend from friend, unsummon'd in an hour!
Coud'st thou not spare the Wife, the Mother, Friend,
When Friends, when Children, Husband weep her end?
A necessary end!—their tears conjoin'd,
(Feeble as leaves before the stormy wind)
Their tears were unregarded—for thou'lt come,

E'en when thou wilt, and none can 'scape their doom!
Be warn'd by *This*, ye rich, ye great, and gay,
Who in the beams of fortune bask, or play;
Ye pamper'd great on *Ortolans*, who dine,
And wash them down with draughts of luscious wine:
Thou sordid wretch, who hid'st thy golden ore,
And to thy *Thousands* adds a *Farthing* more:
Ye Rich, who feast, ye *poorer* Rich, who starve,
Pray what can save you from the *odious* grave?
Odious to *you*—but not so to our *Friend*,
Lov'd in her life—lamented in her end;
Prepar'd to die—yet call'd, alas! too soon
A morning flow'r, which wither'd ere 'twas noon.
Pure were its leaves, it spread them to the sky,
A dreadful blast swept o'er, and bid it die;

Tho' with'ring in the dust its head is laid;
Yet still around will be its fragrance spread.
Again revive where ne'er a blast can blow,
And flourish where eternal rivers flow.—
Thrice happy change!—Tho' happy here her lot,
Yet happier there all mundane things forgot.—
Weep not, my Friends, chase sorrow far away;
Her body only moulders in the clay;
While wing'd with Faith her Spirit soars above
To blessed Regions lighted still by LOVE.

ON SCANDAL.

Supposed to be sent from LAURA to the AUTHOR.

"'*Tis Scandal!*"

SHAKESPEARE.

RECEIVE, dear Youth, the tribute, which I pay,
To worth like *thine*, nor criticize my Lay;
Unus'd to Numbers, how shall I aspire
To praise, as *you deserve*, and *I desire*.
But when DETRACTION, with envenom'd tongue,
Confounds the Principles of *right* and *wrong*;
What gen'rous soul, but feels its fatal force?
What friend wo'n't try to stop its dang'rous course?

Let *Fiends* malicious spread their baneful lies,
Be bold!—and all their little arts despise!
Envy, despairing at the height you soar,
Wou'd clip your wings, that you may rise no more;
But, sick'ning at the sight, she sinks below;
While borne aloft you on securely go.
Curs'd be the tongue, which envy tempts to ill,
Your truth to question, and your fame to kill.
One comfort's left *no One* the tale will hear,
But hearts corrupted, whom *you* need not fear.
Perhaps a day the envious tale's believ'd,
Your virtues doubted, and your friends deceiv'd:
But conscious innocence your heart may cheer
'Till the dull mists of Envy disappear.

Thoughtful to-day, I rose at early dawn,
And took a ramble o'er the well-known lawn:
The Landskip, you admire, a Mist o'erspread,
The Wrablers silent,—Nature seem'd as dead.

But soon the orient Sun, with ray serene,
Dispels the gloom, and dissipates the scene,
With fresher tints the springing flow'rets blow,
The tuneful songsters carol on each bough:
With chearful notes they hail the op'ning morn,
While the clear Dew-drop glitters on the thorn.
"JUST THUS," I cried, DETRACTION merit shades,
"*Just thus* from *truth* the envious spectre fades;
"*Thus* the black cloud, which now o'ershades my friend,
"Soon shall be scatter'd, and his sorrows end.—
"If not—I know his innocence and truth:
"Let all the world despise—I'll love the Youth;
"Will soothe, will cherish, and that truth repay
"And, unasham'd, my Love sincere display.—"

To LAURA,

IN ANSWER,

By the AUTHOR.

THANKS to my fair!—how can my Pen
reveal,
The load immense of gratitude I feel?
Away ye Fools!—how can I be distrest,
I'm prais'd, I'm lov'd, I'm comforted, I'm blest!
One dear approving Friend to me o'erpays
The worst, that all your Malice e'er can raise.
Go, wound the Winds!—Go, stop the Whirl-
wind's force!
Or with a straw dam the vast *Ganges'* course!
Spurn back the Tide, and bid it cease to flow;
Winter to freeze or Summer's heat to glow!
Mock *Nature's self!*—when you do these with
ease,
Then first attempt to rob my heart of Peace!—

And you, my Fair, my kind Instructress be,
While you *enthral* my heart, still keep it *free*.
Each baneful Poison banish from my breast,
And lull each wayward Passion there to rest.
If I can weep to see another's woe,
You taught the tear of Sympathy to flow.
My heart, if just, or innocent, or true,
Whate'er its Good, 'twas copied *all* from You.
In *You* I saw how lovely virtue shew'd,
How sweet its praise, when from your tongue it flow'd,
I heard, admir'd, and studied, and improv'd;
The *Precept*, *Practice*, *Preacher* too I lov'd.
And still will love—nor Time, nor Chance, nor Change
Shall tempt from *virtue* or from *you* to range:
But this thro' life shall be my only care
To practice Virtue,—and reward my Fair.

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

- - - *" Saxis suspensas has aspice rupes*
Et genus durum!" - - - - - - - - -
- - - *Behold those rugged craggy rocks,*
And Men as rough as they! - - - - -

VIRG.

THE Sun is set—a sullen silence reigns,
Fit to indulge my melancholy strains;
Seated upon this rugged mountain's brow
I'll sketch a picture of the vale below.—
How dreary, dismal, desolate the scene!
The land how barren!—cottages how mean!
Here youthful Spring, in flow'r-be-spangled vest,
Here Summer, in loose flowing garments drest,
Ne'er shed their blessings—Autumn on the plain
No harvest brings—as well might Winter reign:

FLORA, POMONA, CERES hence have fled,
And left us nought to cheer us in their stead.
Tho' on the banks of yonder silent *Stream*,
Nor oaks, nor elms rise for the Poet's theme;
I'll sing its praise—as much as e'er I can,
And shew, oh strange! its usefulness to man.
Ye Self-Admirers of the present Age,
Whom nothing great or manly can engage,
Come, like Narcissus, o'er *this* River fix,
'Twill shew you as YOU ARE—*'Tis black as*
STYX!
If I look further;—there the prospect shocks,
One long extended chain of barren rocks,
Pile upon pile in rude disorder hurl'd,
Rise 'bove the clouds—a barrier from the world!
Fortune unkind! why was I ever cast
On this rough vale—inhospitable waste!—

Had I a friend, to whom I might impart
The pungent sorrows which distract my heart;
But no! this is denied—Men like the soil
Untractable and rude, inur'd to toil
Inhabit here.—They mind not how unjust,
Gain's all they seek, and *Mammon's* all their trust.
No tender heart, which feels another's woe;
No tears of pity in this valley flow.
Gold is their GOD—in *Self* their prospects end,
How can I chuse, from such as these a Friend?
No!—'mongst these Rocks I'll lonely sit and sing
Woes past and present 'till the valleys ring;
Some friendly gale may catch the heart-felt sigh,
And tell my LAURA all my misery.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

"O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrant
"Agricolæ! - - - - - - - - -
O happy farmers, if you only knew
Your proper blessings! - - - -

VIRG.

YE pamper'd Great, who proudly ride
In gilded Coaches, as ye glide
Among the vulgar Crew;
Scorn not the MAN, who tills the fields,
Who reaps the fruits, which Autumn yields,
That Man's as good as YOU!

Tho' Fortune adverse, for his home,
Has rais'd in state no splendid dome,
Nor spread upon his board
Delicious dainties—and his name,
Unblazon'd in the rolls of Fame
Is lost among the croud;

Yet calm *Content*, around his head,
Will still her genial influence shed:
He envies not *your* lot!
When Day declining Night returns,
And on his hearth *one* faggot burns
He hastens to his cot.

His infants, sportive round the fire,
In lisping accents greet their Sire,
(While each alike's his care)
With wanton gamb'lings strive to please,
And eager climb his honour'd knees,
The envied kiss to share.

The greeting o'er—to Rest he goes;
Ambition breaks not his repose,
Nor robs his soul of rest;
For envy, hate, corroding care,
The dire effects of fell despair,
Are strangers to his breast.

Can all your Wealth?—can all your Pow'r?
Those glitt'ring play-things of an hour
Bring happiness like this?
Can pompous titles and estates,
The fleeting gifts of blinded fates,
Be reckon'd equal bliss?

No!—hence ye vain delusive toys!
Ye poor fantastic short-liv'd joys!
Give me a Conscience pure;
Give me a mind calm and serene;
No cloud of guilt to intervene
My joys will still endure.

THE FOLLY

OF

HUMAN WISDOM.

"*'Tis* FOLLY *to be* WISE!"

GRAY.

WHO can believe the Theme I chuse
A proper subject for my Muse,
Or thank me to advise,
When ev'ry sportive jest I hear
And ev'ry sage discourse declare,
"'Tis *Folly* to be *wise!*"

With anxious toil and clouded brow
The various tracts of worlds below,
And wonders in the skies,
The grave Philosopher explores,
And finds amongst all Nature's stores,
"'Tis *Folly* to be *wise!*"

In minim forms, a grub, or gnat
He seeks—he cannot tell you *what!*
With microscopic eyes,
Their blood still flows—their pulses beat,
He counts their little thousand feet,—
What "*Folly* to be *wise*!"

With higher aims, and nobler views,
Th' Astronomer his task pursues
O'er Heav'n's wide concave pries,
The Sun, the Moon, the starry sky,
A range too wide for mortal eye
What "*Folly* to be *wise!*"

Number the Host, which studs *that* plain
Spend Days of Care, and Nights of Pain,
Thy study I despise;
Thou'rt still a low-born Son of Dust,
And can'st not rise, whate'er thy trust;
"'Tis *Folly* to be *wise!*"

By watchful lamps the learned lore
Of ancient *Greece* and *Rome* explore
Or *Hebrew* criticize,
What Pleasure can thy Toil repay,
When shrinking to thy native Clay
"'Tis *Folly* to be *wise!*"

From *Jewry's* KING, whose boundless view
The secrets of CREATION knew,
And all cou'd analyse,
'Till NEWTON, great, immortal Name!
Man's Vanity the WISE proclaim;
"'Tis *Folly* to be *wise!*"

Leave then the worthless vain Pursuit
Where Folly's both the *stock* and *fruit*,
And inward turn your eyes;
A Soul immortal tenants there,
Make *this* your Study, *this* your Care,
And then—be greatly WISE!

AN HYMN.

ETERNAL, GREAT, CREATING MIND,
In Pow'r and Wisdom unconfin'd,
How shall a feeble *Mortal* dare
Thy boundless Attributes declare:
But that thy Mercy pardon grants
To him, who knows he *Mercy* wants,
Who durst approach thy heav'nly Throne
Except the Seraphim alone,
Nor they—for in thy holy sight
Not pure the Stars we think so bright.
GOODNESS SUPREME!—oh, what am I?
That thou to me art always nigh!
A worm sprung from my Parent-Dust,
In thee alone I put my trust
To guard me thro' this wretched vale
To where thy mercies never fail.—
DEVOID of fear let dangers press
My life in safety I'll possess;

For, what or who shall make afraid
Supported by thy gracious aid?
If from the Globe my Soul shou'd bound
And plunge into the vast PROFOUND,
Pass frigid *Saturn's* distant way,
And into trackless Æther stray,
Pass other *Suns*, which faintly glow,
Which NEWTON'S SELF cou'd never know:
Leave the dull light, which they display,
The glimm'rings of *Creation's* Day;
Tho' endless time, thro' endless space
Continue still the constant race.
E'en then thy Essence wou'd command,
E'en there I'd feel THY pow'rful hand.—
Then grant me GRACE, where'er I be,
To put unshaken trust in thee,
To laud thy name, while I have breath,
Nor cease the *Song* dismay'd by death:
But welcome him, in hopes to rise,
And join the CHORUS in the skies.

ON THE DEATH

OF A FAVORITE CAT.

THOU'RT gone!— tho' blest with ev'ry Grace,
That e'er adorn'd the *Tabby* race;
With sportive glee, around the floor,
I'll see thy Gambols now no more;
No more thou'lt with the Spider vie
In catching of the vagrant Fly.
The Mice well pleas'd at large may roam,
And laugh at thy untimely doom;—
Alas! my knees no more thou'lt climb,
At Breakfast or at Supper time;
The butter'd Toast no more thou'lt share
And with thy *Purring* pay thy fare;—
Thou'rt gone indeed!—and I may cry;

Alas!—that CATS are born to die!—
But not so fast!—what are we Men
Exempted from this Sentence then?
Will not grim death upon *Us* call?
Yes!—Men and Cats alike must fall!
Alike must moulder into clay,
For we are dust, and so are they!
Begone then sorrow!—and may I
Both learn to live, and learn to die;
Learn by my Cat's untimely fall
To fit me for the TYRANT's call.

Stories, Fables,

and

Songs.

The TULIP and the NETTLE.

A Fable.

BENEATH a South-Wall in a garden of
Of Tulips the fairest there grew, (Flow'rs
They rear'd their proud heads as refresh'd by
the show'rs,
Of the rainbow they mimic'd the hue.
The Gard'ner exerted the whole of his skill,
He delv'd and he weeded around, (fair!
The *Strangers* who saw them exclaimed—" how
" Can their equal in nature be found! "
Damon once past them; walk'd on to the grove,
Where nature's wild branches entwine,
To shades render'd sacred to *silence* and *love*,
Perfum'd by the sweets of woodbine.

A TULIP, the pertest of all the gay train,
Cou'd not brook such behav'our as this,
So mark'd a contempt vex'd a coquette so vain,
Thus she shew'd that she took it amiss.
"I scorn their dull taste, who a woodbine prefer,
"And the brambles and shrubs of the field,
"To the *Tulips*, which honour the painted
paterre,
"And the pleasures a Garden can yield."—
A NETTLE, which sprung from the border *that*
The Gard'ner had not espied, (morn,
Thus address'd the vain Flow'r with an Accent
of scorn,
Determin'd to lessen its pride.
"And what is the worth, that a Tulip can boast,
"But to glare in the Sun—and to die,
"The tints, which adorn you, their worth's but
"To pleasure a moment the eye. (at most,
"The *Woodbine* indeed has no colours to shew,
"But what can a Tulip compare

"To the sweets, which exhale from the full
flow'r'd bough,
"And waste their perfumes in the air.
"If *merit* alone was the standard of worth,
"(Consider this well in your mind)
"The NETTLE spontaneous, which springs
from the earth,
"Is tentimes more worth to mankind."
From this we are taught 'tis not *Beauty* alone,
Not the *Dress* of the rich and the gay,
'Tis not *Greatness* itself, tho' its seat be a throne,
Can *worth* to the *worthless* convey.
In the *lone* walks of life often beauties we find,
Those *Beauties* which never can fade;
Where LOVE's gentle flame has its seat in the
mind,
And flourishes best in the *shade.*

THE DOVE.

A FABLE.

" *Carmina proveniunt animo deducta sereno;*
" *Carmina secessum scribentis & otia quærunt.* "
A quiet mind can sing a pleasant song;
A sweet Retreat to Poets shou'd belong.—
OVID.

FREE from all care, from ev'ry sorrow free,
Shou'd still the sweet, the heav'n-taught Poet be,
No storms adverse shou'd e'er his Cot invade,
But peace and plenty hover o'er his head:
No Care, Ambition, Av'rice or Despair
Shou'd ever enter or inhabit there.
But, *Laura* dear, I no such prospects find
While you are absent—Fortune's still unkind.
Then how can I new-string the jocund lyre,

Or rise to sing with true poetic fire?
How can my heart, opprest with grief and woe,
Bid the smooth verse in tuneful numbers flow?
Ah, no!—I can't—but yet to please my Love,
She'll learn of me the Story of the Dove.

In the bleak North, where rocky mountains rise,
With snow-clad tops exalted to the skies,
The nest a Turtle left, while in his prime,
To seek a dwelling in some milder clime;
Tost by fierce storms, by many a wint'ry blast,
Near *Lune's* fair stream the wand'rer fixt at last.
Yes, *fixt!*—the fairest of the cooing race
Stole his fond heart, and fixt him to the place.
No longer now he sports in fields of air;
Nor wanton cooes the praise of ev'ry fair.
Pure and unmixt his gen'rous passion burns
He hopes and fears, he sighs and weeps by turns.
What tender *Dove* cou'd hear a Lover sigh,
See the moist tear stand glist'ning in his eye,

Hear his fond tale of undissembled love,
And not the Lover, and his suit approve.
BUT yet, ah yet!—our faithful *Doves* must part
And feel the conflicts of a breaking heart.
No hoards of grain to feed his lovely mate
Had been allotted by the hand of fate;
To seek provision for himself and love
He then must go—he thro' the world must rove.
"You must not go!"—'twas thus his charmer cried;
"I cannot, will not, must not be denied.
"Indeed you must!"—"Then all ye heav'nly pow'rs
"Shed blessings on him in unceasing show'rs,
"From him ye, deadly, cruel Falcons stray,
"From him ye cursed Fowlers turn away."
No more she said;—Her head like some fair flow'r
Drench'd with the fierceness of a northern show'r

Bent with its weight and downward seem'd to grow
In all the silent Luxury of woe.

With broken heart he rises unconfin'd,
On the bleak wings of the cold wint'ry wind
Left all he lov'd,—left his joys behind.

Loud roars the tempest round his feeble head;
He thinks of her, and then no storms can dread;
Bold as the Eagle, when he wings his way,
With flight precipitate, to seize his prey.—

Near where the DON's slow muddy currents roll,
He sought to fixt the darling of his soul.
But worn with care, with grief and sorrow worn,
He went one day to feed at early dawn.—
No more return'd—No one the tale to tell
Or *how* or *where* the faithful TURTLE fell.—

☞ There is *too* much *Truth* in the above *Fable.*

THE LINNET AND THE BULFINCH.

OR

The POET'S ADDRESS to the DON.

STRETCH'D 'neath an elm on DANUM'S banks I lay,
And view'd it thro' the meads meand'ring stray;
All nature smil'd.—The Throstle's cheerful song
Swell'd in the breeze, and swept the vale along:
Above my head a *Bulfinch* stretch'd his throat,
And seem'd to vie the *Linnet's* sweetest note;
Th' indignant Linnet sung a bolder strain,
And mock'd the Bulfinch as he strove in vain.
"Tuneless Bully, cease thy lay!
"Tuneless bully, hence!—away!
"Dost thou think that ought of thine
"Can be e'er compar'd to mine;

"A nobler strain, a sweeter note
"Issues from the Linnet's throat."—
"Perhaps there may!—but may not *I*
"My little pow'rs of music try?
"Sweet's your song, I must confess
"(May't encrease and not grow less!)
"Who may sing, I prythee tell?
"Must none sing but *Philomel*?
"Sweetest songster of the vale
"Is the lonely Nightingale.
"Must none sing but Philomel?
"Must none sing but who excel?
"Cock-tail'd Wrens, and Red-breasts too,
"Sure may sing as well as you.
"Let each keep its proper sphere
"Sing you *there*;—let me sing *here*."
Thus Bully said.—Poetic Phrenzy fir'd
My humble mind, and *I* to sing aspir'd;
In the wild rovings of my waking dream
I chose the gentle DANUM for my theme;—

" Thou, gentle Stream, which wind'st the vale,
" Come, listen to a Poet's tale,
" For now he sings of thee;
" Ye little warblers cease your rage,
" For once your notice I'll engage,
" Come join the song with me.

" Of all the Rivers *Britain* boasts,
" Which bear their riches to its coasts,
" Shalt thou remain unsung?
" First let a hoarseness choke my voice,
" When I in Nature's works rejoice,
" And chain *thy* Poet's tongue.

" XANTHUS flows and still will flow,
" Tho' lost its waters long ago,
" Thanks to the Poet's Pen!
" SCAMANDER down from *Ida's* hill
" Still rolls its little scanty rill,
" But swells into the main.

" What is the TIBER's shallow stream
" So often made the Poet's theme?
" The MINCIUS or the Po?
" I've seen the HEBRUS scour along,
" (I've seen it in a Lyric song)
" Swifter than winds can blow.

" But why need I from *Britain* stray,
" Where TAME and ISIS wind their way,
" The HUMBER and the OUSE,
" The TWEED, the MERSEY, SEVERN, DEE,
" Have all been sung—have all but thee,
" Been subjects for the muse.

" No limpid pureness can'st thou boast,
" But is't for *this* thy honour's lost?
" The *useful* and the *fair*,
(" For both are seldom seen conbin'd)
" The *truly* weighing, thinking mind
" Won't THAT to THIS compare.

" What is the purling, chatt'ring brook,
" But fit for Beaux themselves to look;
" Compar'd to worth like thine?
" Whom Commerce hails—can'st Wealth pro-
" And on thy bosom waft the boat, (mote;
" The riches of a mine.

" Look there, amongst those willow trees,
" The torn sail flutters in the breeze!
" 'Tis thus that Britons live!
" The *Ocean* first, then streams like thine
" More certain wealth than *Peru's* mine
" To dauntless Britons give.

" Then gentle DANUM wind along,
" And grace for once the Poet's song;
" Oh had I Homer's skill!
"As long as *Time's* thy waves shou'd roll,
" And thy description glad the soul
" Left by thy Poet's quill."

While thus I sung, from forth the flood,
Before my eyes an image stood,
Its head with rushes crown'd;
With squallid mire its face disgrac'd,
Its lank-black hair hung to the waist
A clay-ting'd vesture bound.

Majestic on the bank it trode,
(I bow'd before the *River-God*)
And thus I heard him say;
" My *only* Bard I give the thanks
" For singing on my shady banks,
" Know;—I approve thy lay.

" And may thy stream run smooth as mine,
" Still useful in some great design,
" To meet a boundless sea.
" The winding River pictures *life*,
" Now calm with ease, now rough with strife,
" The Sea, Eternity.

" If useful down the stream you glide
" Be not afraid to meet the tide,
" As in the ocean lost;
" The stream of life there smoother flows,
" Poetic ardour fiercely glows
" Upon another coast. "

He said—then turn'd—the waves divide,
And down he sunk beneath the tide.

Encourag'd thus, perhaps, some future day
Don's humble bard may try a nobler lay;—
Ye envious Linnets, if the trial fail
Pray let him sing the Bulfinch of the vale.

DISCONTENT,

OR

An Image of Fancy.

As late my mind with *Fancy* warm'd
With vain fantastic pictures charm'd,
Thro' scenes *ideal* rov'd;
When horrid monsters rose to view
I chang'd the scene and instant drew
This picture, which I lov'd.

Beneath a sweet delightful shade,
By tow'ring elms impervious made
To Phœbus' scorching rays;
A limpid stream roll'd gently by,
Which ev'ry songster of the sky
Enliven'd with their lays.

A *Female* lay, her head reclin'd,
Her garments want'ning in the wind
Were in disorder tost;
Uncomb'd the ringlets of her hair,
Her sparkling eye, and graceful air
In squallid rudeness lost.

In vain blythe Echo, thro' the grove,
Repeats the wrabling voice of love;
In vain the landskips glow;
In vain all nature smiles around,
In vain the fragrant flow'rs abound
And various beauties shew.

Down her cheek with sorrow wan
The scalding tear incessant ran,
With many a heart-felt sigh;
Her bosom, once so lovely, heav'd,
Her groans the list'ning Echo griev'd,
In groans she makes reply.

Whilst thus I view'd the weeping maid,
She rose and left the verdant shade,
" 'Tis done "—she faintly cried,
A moment on the margin stood,
Then plunging in the rolling flood,
Was lost beneath the tide.

I started, when I found her gone;
Plac'd *Monarch Reason* on his throne,
Ask'd *Fancy* what it meant;
She laughing made this droll reply,
You know her better far than *I*,
Her name is—DISCONTENT.

THE NIMRODS,

A MODERN STORY.

"*E'en as* NIMROD, *the mighty* HUNTER."

IN ancient days, ere from the *Gallic* shore
His painted Galley the fierce WILLIAM bore,
On the white cliffs of *Albion's* happy isle
The *laws* cou'd flourish, and fair *freedom* smile.
Thus to maintain us nobly HAROLD died,
With twice ten thousand bleeding by his side:
But, when the *Norman* had secur'd the crown,
He *English* laws and liberties trode down:
On freedom's base he rear'd tyrannic sway,
And nought was left, but *die*—or to *obey*.
The dreadful CURFEW, and the FOREST-LAW,
By him ordain'd, kept *Englishmen* in awe.
No wary angler caught the simple fry
With hook nice-baited, or the mimic fly.

No tow'ring Falcon thro' the Æther flew
On rapid wing the Heron to pursue;
No slow-pac'd hound e'er tir'd the timid hare;
All was the *King's* in Water, Earth or Air.
But mark the change! in our enlighten'd days,
(Which worlds may envy, and which worlds may praise.)
Instead of one ten thousand *Lordlings* rise,
Who worse than conqu'rings *Normans* tyrannize.
To regulate the Pastimes of the field
These *little* NIMRODS late a Synod held;—
SIR HORSE-FLESH, Chairman, on his scouling brow,
October mantling many a furrow drew:—
Who slow-uprising to explain their plan (gan.
With stupid stare, and stamm'ring tongue be-
"Gemmen, here lookye, this is the affair,
"I cannot keep a partridge or a hare;
"And if we can't these poaching rascals check

*"I'll hang my Dogs and break my HUNTER's
neck." (fury broke,
SQUIRE GOOD-SHOT rose—his pipe with
His eye 'gainst poachers redden'd as he spoke;—
"Gods! what a shame!—from us of noble birth
"The *Game's* destroy'd by men, the scum o'th'
earth;
"The law's too lenient, but a PALTRY FINE!
"Or WORKHOUSE!—Heav'ns! for such a fla-
grant crime,
"Till they're amended let's exert these laws
"By extra-premiums in so just a cause.
"Round our Demesnes let quick informers
swarm
"To guard our covies, and our hares from harm.
"Th' enormous bribe the sordid mind will sway,
"And neighbour, neighbour,—friend, his friend
betray:

* "'Tis a Consummation, devoutly to be wish'd."
SHAKESPEARE.

"From those detected let's extort the fine,
"If they can't pay i'th' WORKHOUSE let 'em
pine."
Thus ended he—Around from man to man
The loud approving acclamations ran;
Not more sonorous, more melodious cries
E'er from the bristly animals arise,
When streaming grains upon the pavement lie,
And dirty keepers ope the crouded stye.
"Methinks this speech a little too severe"
(Whisper'd a Clown, who happen'd to o'erhear)
"It is not reason!—sure it is not law!—
"And if I durst I'd tell their *Worships* so.
"Sometimes I kill a partridge or a hare,
"But, on my Soul! I've not the fine to spare:
"Why, then the *workhouse*!—'tis the same to
me,
"I there must work—I work where're I be:
"My Wife and Children, Tom and Dick and
Nell

" Sam, Will and Sue and Anthony and Bell,
" All must have bread!—let them the Parish take,
" Nine in the *Poorhouse* for a Partridge' sake!!"

At this remark the Poet laugh'd a while;
Had you been there cou'd you've forborne to smile?

THE POET AND THE CORN-STACK,

A

WAKING VISION.

" *The Soul by deep reflection is often, as it were,*
" *seperated from the Body; so that the bodily*
" *eye ceases its functions, and we only see men-*
" *tally.* " LORD BACON.

DISTRESS'D, fatigued with labours of the day,
The weary Poet homeward bent his way.
With giant strides dire famine o'er our plains
March'd dreadful to enlarge Forestallers' gains:
The pent-up Corn in musty heaps was laid;
To starve the *Poor* was now become a trade:
The purse-proud Farmer now his Corn withheld
And heapt in Stacks the produce of the field.
Deep-lost in thought the Poet trudg'd along,

With care opprest, he e'en forgot his song;
He inward pray'd—Th' ALMIGHTY view'd his mind,
And sent this VISION for his good design'd.—
A CORN-STACK seem'd to rise upon the plain
Surcharg'd with many a Load of unthrash'd grain:
Grain lay unthrash'd!—His infants cried for bread!
The Poet saw, and thus indignant said:—
"Thou heap of dirt!—Thou burthen to the earth!
A load to her, which whilom gave thee birth!
What now thy Treasures—useless Dirt and Dross,
"The poor Man's *sorrow*, and the rich Man's *loss!*
"Go and dispense thy blessings o'er the land;
"Go and fulfil the ALMIGHTY's great command;

" Go and do good!—or may the ruthless pow'r
" Of Heav'n's dread light'ning blast thee in an
hour." (grees
Thus he—when from the STACK by slow de-
A Phantom rose, its figure form'd to please,
Its infant-form a yellow cincture bound,
And ears of wheat its snowy temples crown'd.
It wav'd its hand—then graceful, silence broke
The voice of music ravish'd as it spoke:—
" Silly Mortal, why complain!
" Silly Mortal, 'tis in vain!
" Look there!"—it said—He look'd and saw
" A *Farmer* seated on the straw:
" Remove that straw!"—it said—'twas done—
" And, lo! the *Straw* a Heap of *Corn*!
" Mark all these rooms!"—it wav'd its hand—
The doors flew open at command.
Astonish'd then the Poet said;
" Why is this corn here useless laid;

" Silly Mortal, why complain!
" Silly Mortal, 'tis in vain!
" Let bounteous earth its produce yield,
" Let waving harvests cheer the field,
" Yet scraping *Rascals* ways may find
" To fill themselves, and starve mankind;
" Yet ne'er design'd in NATURE's plan,
" That MAN shou'd starve his *Fellow-Man*;
" Then leave complaint th' ALMIGHTY trust,
" Tho' Man to Man shou'd be unjust:
" A time will come;—pray mark it well;—
" 'Twill send such *Rascals* all to H——."

Abash'd the Poet downward cast his eyes,
But who can paint his wonder and surprize.
When looking round, no Rooms, no Stacks were there;
But all were gone and vanish'd into air.

THE FOX'S CAVERN.

The following lines were placed in Sir RICHARD HILL'S *Park at Hawkstone; and were said to have been written by him. They attract your eye in passing a natural cavern in the rock, now called* REYNARD'S BANQUETTING HOUSE, *where a large quantity of half-eaten poultry was found, a few years ago.*

LONG unmolested in his sport,
Here Reynard held his festive court,
Whilst scattered turkies, ducks, and chickens,
Proclaim'd bold Reynard's dainty pickings.
Thus thieves oft times most nicely feed,
Whilst honest men are left in need.

REYNARD'S REPLY.

HATED by all, what can I do?
Sure I must eat as well as you:
Instinct, not vice, points out my food,
And tells poor Reynard what is good.

Can I the laws of nature change,
Which force me out by night to range?
Doom'd to defy the farmer's ire,
(When oft his rusty gun miss'd fire);
Can I the force of hunger stay,
No more eat fowls, or feed on hay?
Behold me, at the risk of life,
Evade the watchful farmer's wife;
With pitchfork arm'd, (I own the fact,
Old Marg'ret caught me in the act,)
Mounted she stood on ladder's height,
Resolv'd to see one moonshine night,
What thief with two legs, or with four,
Had stole of chickens half a score;
Whilst, of her family bereft,
The ancient hen alone was left.
Instant upon the roost I sprung,
While Marg'ret to her ladder clung,
Then hurl'd her pitchfork at my head,
And cried, "I've kill'd the villain dead,"

But whilst she spoke, down slipp'd old Peg,
And by good luck she broke her leg.
But there's a charge I can't endure,
Why am I deem'd an epicure,
When an old turkey from her nest,
Of all my meals is oft the best?
So hard, so tough, so out of season,
To call me nice shews want of reason.
Once when I gnaw'd John Dobson's goose,
My jaws were tir'd, my teeth were loose;
No wonder—when I understood
She just had hatch'd her twentieth brood;
But truly, if I might presume,
The cack'ling dame had sav'd old Rome.
Is it my crime to eat, undress'd,
What's tortur'd by your Cooks profess'd?
What, though I neither roast nor boil,
I nought by pamp'ring sauces spoil;
Anchovy, Chyan, Cherokee,
Are all alike unknown to me;

And, 'tis a truth by all confest,
That of all sauces hunger's best.
But hark, each cens'ring child of man,
Then blame poor Reynard if you can;
This lesson learn, what *want* requires,
And what mere *wantonneſs* desires.
Short are the terms, distinct, and clear,
As in one instance shall appear:
By keenest want alone oppress'd,
The harmless hare I ne'er distress'd;
Whilst the great Nimrods of the day,
When to the chace they haste away,
With hearts unfeeling, to prolong
The griefs which cause the hunting song,
No sports can boast, no joys can know,
But what from helpless sorrows flow,
Or eke from *mine* with—*Tallihoe.*

The POET and the GATE-POST:

A TALE.

- - - - - - - - - " *Qui stultus honores*
" *Sæpe dat indignis:*" - - - - - - - -
Who, like a fool, his homage can bestow
Upon th' unworthy.

HOR.

BEFORE my *Tale* begins I'll *this* premise;
" A POET sees not with a *mortal's* eyes:
" *Divinely-taught* his ears can well discern
" All nature's language, and all nature learn;
" Alive or lifeless, man or beast or post (lost."
" Can give instruction, which shou'd ne'er be
'Twas when the roads were deep;—a Win-
ter's day (way
The horse-less Poet trudg'd the King's-High-
Regardless of his steps;—with pain he heard

The loud complaint of ev'ry beast and bird.
How boist'rous Winter, with unpit'ing pow'r,
Left ne'er a shade to shield them from the show'r.
How man contriv'd the guileless to trepan,
And how the *boldest* fell a prey to man!

A Blackbird too, beneath a leafless thorn,
Peckt 'mongst the dung to seek a grain of corn;
He found a grain;—then laid it down and cried:
" Ye cursed Fowlers 'twas by you she died,
" How happy I, if my poor *Mate* was here,
" E'en of this grain to take her little share."

He mus'd along list'ning to *this*—to *that*;
Till, bounce! he ran against a turnpike gate;
With boist'rous squall he heard a *Something* cry;
" Stand off!—His LORDSHIP's Coach has just past by,
" Disgrac'd must I be by a *Poet's* head!
" Look there!—the *Mark* his *hindmost* wheel has made."
Th' astonish'd Poet in confusion lost,
Look'd for a *Man*;—but lo! the *hanging post*

From base to top with blackest dirt besmear'd,
Where ne'er a speck of cleanly white appear'd,
Had spoke in scorn—*He* humbly thus replied;
" Look at thy Brother on the other side
" It's black as thee—then prythee, why this pother?
" How can I thee offend and not the other? "
" 'Tis true it's black—'twas from a *Coalman's* Cart,
" Can *this* give honour or give pride of heart?
" But when his LORDSHIP throws the mire around,
" Pride well becomes where'er the mire is found!
" Farewel proud *post*!—but first thou'lt learn this thing
" That mire's but mire from Beggar or from King;
" No dirty *post*—nay more—no dirty *hand*
" Can *honour* merit—or *respect* command.

The CRITIC and the ASS;

A Fable.

IN Greece there liv'd a *set* of men,
Whose knowledge scarce cou'd guide a pen;
Cou'd *Alpha* just from *Beta* tell;
One half cou'd *read*, and t'other *spell*:
But knew no more 'twixt *verse* and *prose*
Than does my Granmam's pye-ball'd horse!
They made themselves a Corporation
To judge the Authors of the nation;
They plac'd *great* Zoilus at their head,
Who criticis'd—but rarely read,
Who wish'd to gain himself a name
By damning of another's fame.—
Zoilus himself, one summer's day,
Walk'd forth to wile his time away;
He saunter'd 'cross a flow'ry mead,

And, as he walk'd, he *strove* to read;
But, not an adept at the art,
His eye from off the line wou'd start,
And, wand'ring with unsteady stare,
Pickt out a line, now here, now there.

For those, who can't the language speak,
I'll turn the sentence from the GREEK;
" *The lifeless Hero tumbled down,*
" *And o'er the rampart storm'd the town!* "
" Oh what a Fool! " the Critic said,
" The *lifeless* Hero must be dead,
" How cou'd he then e'er storm a town!
" I'll for a BLOCKHEAD mark him down. "

Had but the CRITIC look'd again
He might have read *this* sentence plain;
" Struck by a huge and massy stone
" *The lifeless Hero tumbled down*;
" The Spartans gave a hideous roar,
" Grew tentimes bolder than before,
" Rush'd fiercely on the Chief o'erthrown,

" *And o'er the rampart storm'd the town.* "

This Title next gave him vexation,
He just cou'd spell; " A TRANS-FOR-MA-TI-
His *Lexicon* was not at hand, (ON. "
And 'twas too hard to understand.
" Who but a BLOCKHEAD e'er wou'd chuse
" So trite a subject for his muse. "
He said, and turning saw an Ass,
Which left the sweet and flow'ry grass,
Beneath its feet the trefoil trode,
And champt a thistle for its food,
" Of fools the greatest! "—Thus he cried,
" The meadow sweetest grass supplied,
" But, *Author-like*, thou'st left the good,
" And chose the coarsest for thy food. "
The Brute brayed out " What's that to thee?
" I eat the food, which pleases me,
" An Ass will eat, an AUTHOR write,
" And ne'er regard a CRITIC's spite. "

The POET's FEAST,

OR

An INVITATION to ANACREON.

A SONG.

CHORUS.

SWEEP the Lyre! ANACREON come,
Let thy spirit joy us,
Tell grim DIS that once again
Thy Ghost will not anoy us!

Gentlest Bard, that ever sung,
Let Achilles wander:
Tell great Philip's wry-neck'd son
We think him but a *Gander*.
Sweep the Lyre! &c.

Tell the Cæsars ere you come
That *Rome's* completely worried:

And if you see our Edwards there
Tell them how we are hurried.
Sweep the Lyre! &c.

Tell the *fourteenth* Louis too
The Bourbons reign no longer,
For subjects find they're more than Kings,
And consequently stronger.
Sweep the Lyre! &c.

You'll tell the Tyrants of the earth
(You need not mind to grieve them)
That H—ll's the fittest place for them,
And then you'll come and leave them.
Sweep the Lyre! &c.

Leave Ixon's wheel to roll its round;
Let Sysiphus still toil on,
While down the hill his stone rebounds,
And nought for't to recoil on.
Sweep the Lyre! &c.

WE POETS keep a FEAST to-day,
You'll tell blind *Homer* of it,
And Sappho too you'll chance to see
I'm sure she's not above it.
Sweep the Lyre! &c.

Alcæus bring, the Lyric bold,
And *Hesiod* if you find him;
And tell the Grecian *Tragic Bards*
That *Britons* still can mind 'em.
Sweep the Lyre! &c.

The *Attic Wit*, whose biting jests
Made Grecian Statemen tremble!
*I like him not;—yet let him come;—
For *once* I will dissemble.
Sweep the Lyre! &c.

Gay *Horace* too shall grace our club;
Let sportive *Ovid* meet us;

* The Author meant not by this, that he was an enemy to either the WIT or Writings of ARISTOPHANES, but to the bad Use he made of both in irritating the Populace against the divine SOCRATES.

For *Maro's* sweetness—*Lucan's* strength
Shall both be there to greet us.
Sweep the Lyre, &c.

Bring *Shakespeare* with you—*Milton* too—
Let *Waller* too attend us;
Voltaire's a Frenchman!—never mind!
Let little *Pope* befriend us.
Sweep the Lyre! &c.

Let Grecians, Romans, Britons born,
Let every Age and Nation;
Come join with *Thee* the POET'S FEAST,
And each one take his station.

CHORUS.

Sweep the Lyre! ANACREON come,
Let thy spirit joy us,
Tell grim DIS that once again
Thy Ghost will not anoy us!

AN OLD SONG

NEW-MODELLED.

IN all the wand'rings of my soul
The Gods have known me true,
For, like the *Needle* to the *Pole*,
I always turn to You.

If thro' the meads my way I take,
And brush the morning-dew,
The pleasing scenes no diff'rence make,
I always turn to You.

When Ev'ning veils the azure sky
With clouds of russet hue;
In fond rememb'rance, as I sigh,
I always turn to You.

When o'er the plain Spring gaily smiles,
And flow'rets spring anew,

Or gloomy shades the heart beguiles,
I always turn to You.

When bounteous Autumn decks the fields,
And loads the fruitful bough;
When Winter stern dire prospects yields,
I always turn to You.

If chill misfortune shou'd assail,
And blast each joy in view,
In spite of ev'ry boist'rous gale,
I'd always turn to You.

Tho' each companion and each friend,
Whom once I fondly knew,
To their endearments put an end,
I'd always turn to You.

If prosp'rous days my life shou'd bless,
(And they to Love are due)
With thankful heart I'll these possess,
And always turn to You.

If when the tender tale I read
Of love, that's pictur'd true,
My honest heart for others bleed,
It always turns to You.

It tells me what for me you feel,
Your tears presents to view,
While ev'ry wish I dare reveal,
I always turn to You.

And if kind Heav'n will grant my pray'r
Our fondness to renew,
From me no pow'r shall rend my Fair,
I'll always turn to You.

The HERO's SONG,

OR

An INVOCATION to AURA,

Written in the DOG-DAYS.

" *Aura - - - - - venias, cantare solebam;*
" *Mene juvcs, intresqe; sinus, gratissima, nostros.*"
OVID.

BENEATH a shade the Hero lay
To shield him from the sultry ray,
His scorching limbs no breeze refresht,
He thus a gentle Nymph addrest.
" Come, Aura, come, oh! come along! "
This was the subject of his song;
" Come Aura, come! "—The Nymph addrest
Vouchsaf'd to hear his pray'r distrest;
With placid mein, but clouded eye
The panting Hero flutter'd by,
From wat'ry wings rich perfumes shed,

And eas'd there with his aching head.
His strength repair'd—He as before,
Went to pursue the savage Boar:
Still, when fatigu'd, this was his song,
" Come, Aura, come, oh! come along! "
E'en now when Sirius' firy eye
Shoots dreadful met'ors 'cross the sky;
When Phœbus' beams directly fall,
And parch with heat this earthly ball;
When all Creation shrinks and burns,
And feebly pants and breathes by turns:
Oh let *me* sing the Hero's song
" Come, Aura, come, oh! come along! "
See! how the herds across the plain
Run to the wood its shade to gain,
Or devious rush their limbs to cool
In vain amidst the stagnant pool.
The fleecy flocks forget to feed,
And pant along the dusky mead.

" Come, Aura, come! " this scorching sun
Has taught me too the Hero's song.
Look to the grove, the drooping trees
No longer flutter in the breeze;
Look to the fields how parcht, how dry
How dead the herbs and flow'rets lie.
Hark! from the Merl's or Marvis' throat
You cannot hear one tuneful note;
The Lark, when soaring, drops his wing,
The Linnet too forgets to sing.
" Come, Aura, come! " this scorching sun
Has taught me too the Hero's song.
With drought opprest the Poet's voice
Cannot in nature's works rejoice;
My feeble limbs their pow'r forget
Beneath the *Dog-Star's* sultry heat.
" Come, Aura, come! " or else, ere long
I cannot sing the Hero's song.

SKATING,

A Scholastic Exercise.

DREAD Winter's come! and from the North
Has call'd his dire attendants forth,
Where they have been confin'd;
While Spring, while Summer, Autumn's hand,
Has plenteous o'er this happy land,
Shed blessings on mankind.

But now rude Boreas' chilling blast
Lays ev'ry pleasing Landskip waste,
How desolate's the scene!
The winding vale, the mountain's brow,
The tow'ring oaks their summits shew,
Divested of their green!

The liquid lake, whose rolling wave
Did late its shores o'er pebbles lave,
Now firm as earth does stand,
By frost, which far beneath the pole
Its dwelling keeps, forbid to roll,
And wash the neigh'bouring strand.

While bending o'er their kitchen fires
Their limbs benumb'd our aged Sires
Attempt in vain to warm;
We'll sally forth and on the lake,
Advent'rous go our sport to take,
Fearless of latent harm.

Swift as the dreadful whirlwind's blast
The glassy surface o'er we'll haste,
Agility we'll shew:
If slipp'ry ice our feet shou'd foil
Again we'll rise, again we'll toil,
Nor dread the lake below.

And when return'd a flowing bowl
We'll cheerful quaff without controul,
  And toast a favourite Lass;
'Till we forget that on our plains
With frigid blasts stern winter reigns,
  Or how the minutes pass.

"*LIKE to LIKE.*"

To a LADY,

Who wish'd for a young OWL.

"*I have found out a gift for my Fair,*
"*I have found where the Wood-Pigeons breed.*"

SHENSTONE.

COME, fair Maid, and stray with me
Thro' the flow'r-enamell'd meads,
I've procur'd a gift for you,
Which the Poet's far exceeds.

In yon hollow blasted oak,
Which can now afford no shade,
Safe from murd'rous school-boys' hands,
Are the well-fledg'd *Young-Ones* laid.

They cannot boast the Linnet's voice
Nor the gaudy Peacock's tail,

Yet, when sober Ev'ning comes,
We may hear them in the vale.
What is *Beauty* at the best,
Whether or in *Man* or Fowl?
Fancy's child!—and You may find
Ten thousand beauties in an Owl!
Keep it safe, and from it learn
When you see its serious face,
" Looks demure and down-cast eyes
" Comprehend not ev'ry grace. "
The serious look may hide a fool,
Gravity's a cloak for ill;
Cou'd you think this solemn bird
Wou'd the smallest Insect kill?
Itself's a *Lie*, its actions too,
Perfect emblem of a lie,
Hate to see the *Light* of *Truth*,
In the *Shades* of *Scandal* fly.
" *Like* to *Like*, " the proverb says,
Here I think it is not true;

No resemblance can I find
'Twixt this *round-fac'd* thing and You.
Liker far the Linnet gay
Perch'd upon the flow'ry thorn,
When its sweet melodious notes
Usher in the roseate morn.
Gentlest of the feather'd race!
Liker far the harmless dove!
Galless flits from tree to tree,
Cooing o'er its song of *Love.*
In name of ev'ry wonder tell,
Whence proceeds so droll a choice!
Is't its face, which you admire?
Do you love it for its voice?
When I know you love an OWL,
Surely from presumption free,
I may hope, that some day hence,
You may fall in love with ME.

A VIEW of LONDON.

COME, my Muse, for once be gay,
There's time to work, and time to play,
Time to laugh (we know not why)
If afflicted time to cry;
Lay all serious subjects down,
Take a view of yonder town:
A noble picture worth your view
Still the *same* but always *new*.

Kings and Beggars, Rich and Poor,
Many a Lady, many a Whore,
Lords and Sharpers, Clowns and Beaux,
(Scarcely men without their cloaths)
Courtiers, Draymen, Bullies, Cits
Poets, Bailiffs, Blockheads. Wits,
Where'ere you go on these you stumble,
Bless me, what a curious jumble!

HERE you may, if you're discerning,
Find some *manners* worth your learning!
View the Church, how full the pews!
Not a *Creature* in the stews!
Th' Rich with plenty bless the poor,
When was this e'er done before!
Our young men no strumpets keeping,
Lacking bread no orphans weeping;
Ladies, dressing neat and plain,
Ne'er can give their Husbands pain;
Routs and Drums and Cards and Dice
Ne'er please Ladies, free from vice!
No scandal 'scapes the Gossip's lips
Tattling, as her tea she sips.
Cursing, Swearing, Cheating, Lying
Perjur'd rascals laws defying
Now are vanish'd!—Youths of fashion
Flying all unlawful passion:

Honour guides;—they've left the way
Their Fathers practis'd to betray,
But if not;—they'd strive in vain,
For modesty and virtue reign;
Our young Ladies taught in time
Shun the thoughts of such a crime!
Here you have it;—view it well!
LONDON does the world excel!!

If I'm wrong, I'll mend it soon,
Turn the picture upside down.

AN ADDRESS

To Sleep.

" *Surge; quid est somnus gelidæ nisi mortis imago?*
" *Longa quiescendi tempora fata dabunt.* "
Arise!—what's sleep?—an image of the grave;
When you get THERE, *you sleep enough may have.*

Ovid.

GO, dull Sleep, thy pinions spread,
Placid, o'er some happier head,
And let this hour be mine;
Whils't awful silence reigns around,
Invelop'd in the vast profound,
This hour to *love* resign.

In spite of THEE, my Fair to please
Regardless of my Health or Ease
I'll tune the rustic lay;

And while she deigns my song to praise,
I'll envy not the *Poet's Bays*,
Which round his temples stray.

Let others sing to purchase Fame,
And to the world their works proclaim,
I envy none of these;
I've but *One Friend*; and shall not I,
While life remains each method try
This one dear Friend to please.

How sweetly glide the hours along?
Sweeter far than crouds among,
If she my thoughts employ;
If — did I say?—no hour thou'lt find
Her image absent from my mind:
My Sorrow and my Joy;

Tho' sick of all the cares of life
Its joys, its griefs, its pains, its strife,
I still will wish to live;

I still will brave the storms of fate
Tho' harrass'd in a low estate,
  Whils't Heav'n has HER to give.

But when I lay my weary head
To rest upon the drowsy bed
  Beneath thy downy wing;
Propitious to a Lover's pray'r,
In sweetest dreams my charming Fair,
  To bless me always bring.

THE DOG

AND

THE WATER-LILY.

COWPER.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When 'scap'd from literary cares,
I wander'd on its side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree;
(Two nymphs adorn'd with ev'ry grace
That spaniel found for me;)

Now wanton'd lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursu'd the swallows o'er the meads,
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse display'd
His lilies newly blown;
Their beauties I intent survey'd,
And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended far, I sought
To steer it close to land,
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escap'd my eager hand.

Beau watch'd my unsuccessful pains
With fix'd consid'rate face,
And, puzzling, set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But, with a chirrup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I then withdrew, and follow'd long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble finish'd, I return'd;
Beau, trotting far before,

The floating wreath again discern'd,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him, with that lily cropt,
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd
The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the fight, the world, I cry'd,
Shall know of this thy deed;
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed.

But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine,
To Him who gives me all.

SPRING.

An ODE,

To LAURA.

Non mihi Calliope, non hæc mihi cantat Apollo,
Ingenium nobis ipsa puella facit.
'Twas not APOLLO, *nor the* MUSE,
Made me the LYRIC *Measure chuse,*
'Twas YOU *alone, my Fair!*

PETRO.

SINCE freed from Winter's frigid pow'r,
Each vivid plant and op'ning flow'r
Feels Sol's prolific ray:
Let's walk along these pleasant fields,
Where *moral* subjects *nature* yields,
For converse by the way.

Hark! from each dale, each hill and grove,
The feathered tribes in notes of love,

Their tuneful voices raise.
Oh! haste and bring the Lyric lyre,
And let us join the grateful Choir
In Symphonies of Praise.

Shall *Man alone*, tho' REASON aid,
Ungrateful, homage leave unpaid,
The Great CREATOR's due!
Rebellious Ingrate, turn and see,
The flutt'ring Lark may tutor thee,
When soaring in thy view.

Nature-taught the russet Thrush,
Her carols from the Haw-thorn bush,
Re-echoes thro' the vale,
While brooding o'er their tender young
His Partner hears his Matins sung
Delighted with the tale.

Beneath yon hedge in lilied vest
By nature, best of handmaids, drest

The Primrose shuns the view;
To flow'rs, which in the gay paterre
So proudly shine, I this prefer,
For it resembles you.

In native robes of white array'd,
Averse to cities in the shade,
It glads the rural scene;
Thus far from scandal, care and strife,
You shun the walks of public life
In innocence serene.

Oh! might I close the portrait here,
For what remains is too severe!
This pretty Flow'r must fade!
It blooms!—but for a day or two:
Alas! it withers!—so must You!
My lovely thoughtless Maid!

The AGE of GOU'D;

To a FRIEND.

" *Aurea prima sata ætas,* - - -
" *Cotentiq: cibis nullo cogente creatis.* "
The GOLDEN AGE *first rose,* - - - - -
Content with food the earth spontaneous brought.

OVID.

I'VE heard them say there was a time,
The Sun was then a young ane;
And a' the Years, which man had liv'd,
Of ages made nae lang ane.

Then hips and ha's and ilka thing,
The earth spontaneous brought 'em,
Wi' gratefu' hearts the *Dolts* receiv'd,
And canty dainties thought 'em.

Ilka, each. Dolts, fools.

The whimpling bruck, the springing well,
They reckon'd best of Soole, man,
And, ye may laugh, until ye barst,
Of keeking glasses too, man.

Nae house, nae bield the Carles had,
They wunn'd wi' brocks and lowries;
Nae claiths had they, as we ha' now,
So daintily to coure us.

Then hoot awa'! ye pauky tykes,
Who ca' THAT AGE THE GOU'DEN;
I'faith! as far as I can find
Of Gou'd they ne'er catcht hou'd on.

THIS is the AGE OF GOU'D, I say,
Na mair, I dare to sweer it
To oney ane, that contradic's,
Or saucily that speers it.

Whimpling bruck, purling brook. Soole, liquor. Keeking, looking. Bield, shelter. Wunn'd, dwelt. Brocks, badgers. Lowries, foxes. Coure, cover. Hoot, begone. Pauky tykes, saucy fellows,

What macks the Lawyer's tongue to wag?
What macks the Parson preach t'ye?
What is't but *Gou'd* that macks 'em baith,
Demure as tods to teach ye.

What is't that macks the Courtier bow?
What macks the Ladies cringe t'ye?
What macks the *new-light Thumper* roam,
And wi' lang pray'rs to whinge t'ye?

What macks the *Patri't-Statesman* storm,
And send BILL PITT to Clootie?
And if you say "God save the King;"
What macks him aye to hoot ye?

It's GOU'D!—It always rules the roast,
They say 'twill sway a King, man,
And mony a wie bit-tiney rogue,
It brings to hempen string, man,

Tods, foxes. Clootie, the D—l. Aye, always. Dank, damp;

Ye, *poor distressed sable* race!
Ye ken the land, that grows it;
Ye ken the dank and frigid mine,
Ye ken the fire, that glows it.

I ken the *thing*, when ance I see't,
I can't say wonder-weel, man,
'Tis glibber caught, by sic as me,
Than ever slapest eel, man,

But this I'll say, I'll say't agen,
That THIS the *Gou'den Age* is,
'Tis GOU'D alane, 'tis *nought* but GOU'D,
Which ev'ry heart engages.

Oh! for a MAN, that hates sic *Trash*,
That loves *mankind* before ought,
I'll cleave my HEART for sic a MAN,
And wear him in the Core o't.

Wonder-weel, remarkably well. Glibber, worse to catch, Slapest, most slippery.

The FRIEND's ANSWER,

OR

This not the AGE of GOU'D.

IN canny phrase and we'el strung rhymes
Your story swings awa', man,
But mair th' inventions of your wit,
Than truth you now display, man.

You'll sweer, you say, ah! donna sweer!
A false aith is a sair thing,
Gadswarbbit! first mark this reply,
Tho' it may stand for naething.

This canna be the AGE of GOU'D,
Or else 'twad be mair plenty;
You say you scarcely ken the thing;
Ye are nae ane in twenty.

There's mair than me, there's many mair,
  There's mair than ye, poor Poet,
Between the brass and gou'den ore,
  By colour canna know it.

I work the day, I write the ne'et,
  To gather up this same thing;
But metamorphos'd to a *duck*,
  You'd find me but a * *lame thing*.

I'd waddle 'mangst the Durt and Stanes,
  Or doukt ow'r head I'd gobble,
But spite of a' the snails and trash,
  I'd still be lame and hobble.

But gae me fouth of barley strae,
  Of corn and grains gae plenty,
You'd find me then sae brisk and braw,
  By facks! ye scarce cou'd tent me.

Ne'et, night. Doukt ow'r, duck'd over. Fouth, plenty. Strae, straw. Gae, give. Tent, watch.

* A LAME DUCK is an expression well known in 'Change Alley.

Thus wou'd I be if re'et we'el fed,
My pockets lin'd wi' gou'd, man,
A wie bit kist I have at hame,
As fou' as it cou'd hou'd, man.

This then wou'd be the *Age* of *Gou'd!*—
Now where's the Gou'den Hope, man?
In mony a loon's sear'd dirty hands,
Who we'el might grace a rope, man!

But mony a worthy honest soul,
Who dares proclaim the freedom
Of face to face, of man to man,
Of faces have most need o'em.

Of George's faces, troth, I ween,
For Georgies made of Gou'd man,
Then let us cry "*God save the King!*"
When Georgies we catch hou'd on.

Wie bit kist, little chest. Fou', full.

But let this rest a wie bit while,
I tell ye donna mind it,
A day will come, 'tis unco near,
And ye and I will find it;

A day will come! GOD bless the time!
I hope we're very near it,
When you and I and a' the lave
For Gou'd will never speer it.

But kindlier prospects will engage,
We'll happy be without it;
Tho' on this poor terrestrial clod,
We ken nae whit about it.

Unco, very. A' the lave, all the rest. Speer it, ask after.

The EARTH-BORN GODDESSES.

HE, who has read in Virgil's Page
How Gods and Goddesses engage,
And jeer, and scold, and brawl;
With wild confusion fill the court,
Where only Deities resort,
In Jove's imperial Hall;

When *Earth-born Goddesses* below
Their Anger, or ill nature shew,
He ne'er will be surpriz'd:
Taught by experience he will know
So plain a truth, an age ago
Not now to be surmiz'd;

That if the Goddesses above
Majestic Juno, Queen of Love,

Chaste Dian and the Rest,
Can thus contend in angry mood;
To copy them the Fair's allow'd
By all men is confest.

But, if their follies they pursue,
Pray, imitate their virtues too,
And be like them divine:
Then ev'ry Fair the Poet's lays
Will dare to sing, will dare to praise;
When ev'ry Fair's like *mine*.

The BLACK PRINCESS,

OR

The PROPAGATOR of SCANDAL.

THE D—l shot down from a sooty black cloud
With a horn, like a post, which he blew shrill and loud,
His clov'n feet hid in a pair of old shoes,
Popt into the palace and left them his *News*.
Old *Friend* you are welcome the *Black Princess* cried,
Snatcht from him the pacquet, the bandage untied,
And straight spread the news, quite regardless of ill,
Tho' writ by *Old Nick* with an envomen'd quill.
We need not then wonder that scandal's abroad,
When spread by the servants of such a bad Lord:
If we'll not regard them we'll surely do well,
And envy them not tho' they've commerce with H—ll.

SWEETNESS,

A RHAPSODY.

SWEET's the first op'ning of the orient day;
Sweet is the dew-drop glitt'ring on the spray;
How sweet the scene, when Sol refulgent sheds
His rays serene and gilds the mountains' heads!
The Cock's shrill Clarion at the early dawn!
The warbling Lark above the flow'ry Lawn!
The checquer'd Landskip, and the sylvan Scene
With tow'ring oaks of variegated green!
All nature's self is sweet! thro' all its ways,
It calls for Love, for Admiration, Praise!
Our own Existence!!—But the op'ning morn,
The sun serene and dew-drop on the thorn,
The cock's shrill clarion and the bird of day,
The various tints the fields and woods display,
E'en nature's self, and life with *all* its charms,
Diffuse no sweets! while *you* are from my Arms.

Love

and

Its Consequences.

The ROVER caught:

" *En! ego confiteor: tua sum nova præda, Cupido;*
" *Porrigimus victas ad tua jura manus!* "
Lo! I confess; I'm now become thy prey;
I bow submissive, Cupid, to thy sway!

OVID.

BEFORE I saw my LAURA's charms,
My heart secure from Love's alarms,
As wanton as a hind;
From fair to fair still free I rov'd,
And hated now, whom late I lov'd,
As fickle as the wind.

I laugh'd at love and all its pow'r,
Cou'd play with beauty for an hour,
Then sighless trip away;

Absent or present 'twas the same,
My heart ne'er felt a mutual flame,
Still innocently gay.

But soon as I my charmer knew,
Her heart so gen'rous, just and true,
So tender and sincere;
Adieu all health and happiness,
All peace, which wont my soul to bless,
And in misfortune cheer.

No pleasing slumbers close my eyes,
E'en *Hope*, delusive Phantom, flies
To bless some happier swain;
Above my head soars black despair,
My mind;—no peace inhabits there,
For ev'ry thought was pain.

Distracted, vex'd, half-dead with shame,
I smother in my breast the flame,
And hide my misery;

My weakness curse!—but all in vain;
I faster knit the galling chain
With struggling to be free.

For if my *Laura* heav'd a sigh;
The glist'ning tear dash'd to my eye;
Or if her hand I prest,
Swift to my heart from ev'ry vein
My blood tumultuous rush'd again,
One fleeting moment blest.

Unable longer to endure,
I boldly ventur'd on a cure,
My *Laura's* heart to try;
And if that she another lov'd,
Or cou'd not be to pity mov'd,
I then wou'd learn—to die!

Blest be my Fair, for ever blest!
Who stoop'd to cheer me thus distrest,

And kindly bid me live;
She us'd with me no Coquette's art,
To *Love* and *Me* resign'd her heart,
'Twas all she had to give.

'Twas ALL!—The world cou'd give no more,
Golconda's gems nor *Ophir's* stores
Are half so dear to me:
When in her arms I'm fondly prest
The Persian Monarch's not so blest
In pomp of Royalty.

I know her heart, like mine, sincere;
Distracted by no jealous fear
I on her truth rely:
I know, if all the world combine
To separate her heart from mine,
She will the world defy.

But still remains one anxious care,
Which plunges me in deep despair,

And makes my fortune hard;
For Heav'n on my devoted head
No wealth, no competence has shed;
I can't her Love reward.

I ask not titles, pow'r or wealth;
I ask but Competence and Health,
These all that I desire;
If Heav'n vouchsafe this small request;
With my dear Girl, I'll then be blest,
'Till one of us expire.

A LETTER

From LAURA to her LOVER.

" *Tuta frequensq*; *via est per amici fallere nomen,*
" *Tuta frequensq*; *licet sit, via crimen habet.* "
By Love well-feign'd tis easy to betray;
But still a crime attends this easy way.

OVID.

WHAT can I say? what Arguments can prove
My truth?—What colours can describe my love?
If its excess, its fondness be not known
By what thy *Laura* has already done?
Thy infant flames with pity I beheld,
In tim'rous doubts while yet they were conceal'd,

Note; I must confess myself entirely ignorant of the Author of this little Piece —I met with it some years ago in Mss.—The Rhymes very imperfect, and the spelling and grammar very erroneous. I thought it worthy of a better fate; therefore polished

With easy smiles dispell'd the silent fear,
That durst not tell me, what I died to hear.
In vain I strove to check the growing flame
And shelter *passion* under *friendship's* name;
You saw my heart, how it my tongue belied,
And when you prest, how faintly I denied. (aid,
Ere guardian-thought cou'd bring its scatter'd
Or reason cou'd support the drooping Maid;
My soul surpriz'd and from itself disjoin'd,
Left all my sex and all their hearts behind;
From your commands her motion she receiv'd,
And not for *Me*, but *You* she breath'd and liv'd.
But ever blest be Cytherea's shrine,
And fires eternal on her altars shine;
Since thy dear breast has felt an equal wound,
Since in thy kindness my desires are crown'd
By thy each look and thought and care 'tis shewn

it a little, and wrote the following answer to it —

I beg pardon of the Author, and, as far as I can, restore the honour to her;—Had I known her name she shou'd have enjoyed the whole.— THE AUTHOR.

Thy joys are center'd all in me alone: (hour
And, sure I am, thou wou'd'st not change *this*
For all the *White-Ones* fate has in its pow'r.
Yet thus belov'd and loving to excess,
When thus receiving and returning bliss;
In this *great Minute* in this golden Now
When ev'ry trace of WHEN or WHAT or HOW
Shou'd from my heart by fondest love be torn,
And far on swelling seas of rapture borne;
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye,
And my heart labours with a sudden sigh;
Invading fears repel my coward joy,
And ills foreseen the present bliss destroy.

Poor as it is, this Beauty was the cause,
That with first sighs your panting bosom rose;
But with no owner *Beauty* long will stay,
Upon the wings of time born swift away;
Pass but some fleeting years, and these poor eyes
(Where you have said some *little* beauty lies)

No longer shall that little lustre keep,
And only be of use to *read* or *weep*.
And on this forehead (where your verse has said)
"The loves delighted, and the graces play'd,"
Insulting age will trace its cruel way,
And with indented furrows mark his sway.
Mov'd by their charms, with them thy love
may cease,
And as the fuel sinks the flame decrease:
Or angry Heav'n may quicker darts prepare,
And sickness strike what time a while wou'd
spare;
Then will my Swain his glowing vows renew?
Then will his throbbing heart to mine be true?
When my own face deters me from my glass,
My picture only shews what *Laura* was.
But nearer cares (oh, pardon it) supply
Sighs to my breast, and sorrows to my eye.
Love, Love himself, the only Friend I have,
May scorn his triumph, having bound his slave,

Another Nymph with fatal pow'r may rise
To damp the sinking beams of *Laura's* eyes,
With haughty pride, may hear her charms confest,
And scorn the ardent vows, which I have blest;
You ev'ry night may sigh for her in vain,
And rise each morning to some fresh disdain.
Whilst *Laura's* softest look may cease to charm
And her embraces want the pow'r to warm;
While these fond arms encircling you may prove
More heavy chains than those of hopeless love.
Say, Shepherd, say are these reflections true?
Must *Laura* be undone for loving you?
Will you be only and for ever mine?
Shall neither time nor age our Souls disjoin?
From thy dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn?
Will you grow cold, respectful, and foresworn?
Or can you not for her you love do *more*,
Than any Youth for any Maid before?

The ANSWER:

By the AUTHOR.

PERHAPS *not more!*—but *this* I dare to prove
How fond, how true, and how sincere my love.
I dare be wretched;—every sorrow brave,
My dearest LAURA from distress to save;
Place me on scorching sands beneath the Line
Where on the Deserts Suns eternal shine;
Or stretch me nak'd on heaps of driv'n snow,
Where freezing blasts unintermitting blow:
If I but leave you to content and ease
Without a sigh I'd yield my soul in peace.
Poetic Fancy here to some may seem
To draw a picture, like a sick man's dream;
But HE, who *sees* and *judges* ev'ry thought,
Knows that from LOVE such prodigies are wrought.

Shew me the man, who more than this will do;
I'll *think* of things more dire and—*act* them too!
Let the *Destroyer* TIME, with silent pace
Steal ev'ry beauty from that lovely face;
Bend down thy body like a Phrygian bow,
Sink thy plump cheeks, and furrow o'er thy
brow. (fair!—
'Twas not thy *Cheeks*—tho' I confess them
'Twas not the *Ringlets* of thy flaxen hair;—
'Twas not the *Love*, which sparkled in thine
eye;—
Thy roseate *Lips*, which with the cherry vie;—
Not ALL of THESE combin'd my heart cou'd
move,
Or fix my roving mind on one dear Love.
'Twas *Modesty*, and *Innocence*, and *Truth!*
Which in thine *Age* will flourish as in *Youth*.
THESE taught me how to love; while these
prevail,
True to my vows, my love will never fail.

What are the beauties, which the face can boast
Are here to-day, and are to-morrow lost?
But those bright beauties, which thou hast in store,
Will bloom and flourish when the world's no more;
Will make THEE lov'd when *others* age deforms,
And spring more fresh and vig'rous from the storms;
Will guide thee safely thro' this vale of woe,
And wait upon thee, where we all must go.
The pleasing scenes, which we in youth have past
We'll view in age, and they e'en then will last!
Thus pleas'd and pleasing we thro' life will stray,
'Till the dread Mandate summons us away;
Then as we've *liv'd* together, so we'll *die*,
Mount on the wings of hope and scale the sky,
Spring boldly up to meet eternal day,
Where Grief shall be for ever wash'd away.

An EPISTLE

TO

LAURA.

" *Læta ferè lætus cecini, cano tristia tristis;*
" *Conveniens operi utrumq; suo est.* "
A cheerful heart dictates a cheerful lay,
A sad, a sad One; each may suit its day.
OVID.

FROM where the DON along the Nother'n plains
Rolls his dull stream; where nought but sor-(row reigns,
To the *gay City*, to the *best* of Friends,
The wretched J*****n this poor Poem sends;
*Sends health and pleasure all her days to crown;
Oh! can he send her what is not his own?

" **Mittit, & optat amans, quò mittitur, ire salutem;*
" *Mittere rem si quis, quâ caret ipse, potest.* "
OVID.

No health, or pleasure, happiness or bliss,
E'er grew or flourish'd in a soil like this!
Go! spurn the Sea, and bid it cease to roll!
Change the Sun's course, and bid him strike
the Pole!
Stop the red light'ning!—bid the whirlwind
cease! (Peace!—
Then—when you're absent, bid me be at
To be at Peace!—Too difficult a task!
For *me* to practice, or for *you* to ask!
Come to my arms! my dearest, only joy,
(Each passing hour you ev'ry thought employ)
Come you to bless me, press me to your breast,
No more to leave me, *then* I'll be at rest.

In early youth I penn'd the jocund lay,
Blythe as the thrush, which carols on the spray;
Easy and free the cheerful numbers flow'd,
And fabled love in ev'ry Poem glow'd.

But now, care-worn, my heart with sorrow full,
My Verse, true emblem of myself, is dull;
Robb'd of his mate the lonely turtle mourns,
The winding vale his mournful tale returns;
Thus, robb'd of you, my feeble numbers flow,
Mournful and sad, to suit the tale of woe.

To think is dreadful, wretched sure is he,
Who strives in vain his own sad thoughts to flee!

Till dull oblivion, o'er my senses spread,
Strikes each soft feeling of your J*****n dead;
Till the cold hand of all-destroying death
Robs me at once of mem'ry and breath:
If you are absent, I must mourning go,
A slave (I know it) to distress and woe.
Whate'er shall be *my* fate for *you*, my Fair,
With heart sincere, this still shall be my pray'r;
" Oh! THOU ALL-SEEING POW'R, who rul'st above,

" At whose command the Sun and Planets move,
" Whose eye surveys the secret thoughts of man,
" And gives what's best in thy eternal plan:
" If I *must* suffer 'tis thy WILL divine;
" Teach me to bend my wayward will to thine.
" But round my Love thy choicest blessings shed,
" Unnumber'd favours pour upon her head.
" Thus in this vale of tears she'll happy be,
" And when she leaves it, live in peace with THEE. "

A DREAM.

"*From* JOVE *the dream proceeds.*"

HOMER.

THE dusky night had o'er the wide expanse
Of Heav'ns clear Azure spread her drowsy wings;
Soft sleep triumphant reign'd, and all the cares
Of man and beast in dull oblivion drown'd.
E'en sorrow's-self had yielded to the call
Of nature, wanting to repair the strength
Exhausted by my yesterday's fatigue.
But 'sleep or waking still the dear-lov'd Fair,
My heart pants after, languish'd in my view.
"And must I ne'er again my darling clasp
"In heart-felt rapture to my throbbing breast?
"Ah!—must I ne'er?"—Around me, as I spoke,
A light, resplendent as the Sun at Noon,

Blaz'd dreadful to behold!—And, in the midst,
A naked, smiling, flutt'ring CUPID play'd;
In his right hand he grasp't his bow, unbent,
Dipt with transparent horn; and at his back
A golden quiver glitt'ring daz'd the eye.
" Thou smiling Mischief, wherefore art thou
come?
" To see the havock, which thy art has made?
" Or hast thou got, malicious Boy! in store
" Some curse more dreadful than the woes I feel?
" Oh! give me back my peace!—Or rather give
" The Darling of my Soul to these fond arms!"
Thus I indignant:—With contempt'ous smile
The God broke silence.—" What!—ungrateful
wretch
" Unworthy of the favours I bestow!
" Was I or thou to blame, when from the arms
" Of her thou lov'st, thou stubborn fled'st and
left

" The best of women weeping and forlorn!
" Dar'st thou complain ungrateful whom she
loves
" With pure affection, more than thou deserv'st?
" My ruffled pinions might have told my flight,
" Had been from far—from near thy *Laura's*
head,
" Where I keep constant watch, and still inspire
" In her pure bosom fondest love of thee;—
" I came to cheer thy drooping heart!—to calm
" Each ruder passion in thy wayward mind;—
" I came to tell thee, that I'd always keep
" Thy LAURA for thee 'till some happier day;
" And yet thou dar'st complain! "—No more
he said, (wing
But spurn'd the earth, and rose;—on rapid
Shot thro' the air, and vanish'd from my view.

The ABSENT LOVER;

An Elegiac Pastoral.

" *Hei mihi! difficile est imitari gaudia falsa,*
" *Difficile est tristi fingere mente jocum.* "

'Tis difficult, alas! false joys to feign,
'Tis awkward jesting, when we're rack'd with pain.
Tibull.

'LONG the Banks of the Don, while in sorrow I stray,
And see the dull stream rolling silent away;
I heed not the songsters, which warble around,
Which make the deep woods to their music resound;
Tho' the sun skirts the clouds with his crimson-ting'd beams,
(Which painters can't mimic) and plays on the streams;

Tho' the lambs dance about me; tho' spring with its charms
All nature enlivens, and each bosom warms,
No pleasure I reap from a prospect so gay,
In vain, all, in concert, their beauties display.
If the Tempest around me tremendous shou'd howl,
Or I list' to the shrieks of the ill boding owl,
Shou'd the Raven hoarse-croaking disturb the whole grove,
And drown with its clamours the carols of love,
They wou'd suit the despair I am doom'd to endure, (*cure*.
Which *admits* of no *ease*, and which *seeks* for no
What Physic avails, when the SOUL is distrest?
When his Fair-one is absent what Lover is blest?
Whose heart when enthrall'd wou'd once wish to be free? (like me?
If bondage don't please them, they don't love
How hard is his fortune, who climates remov'd,

No comfort has left, but to know that he's
lov'd?
Whom hope's gentle solace has ceas'd to elate,
Who lives but to witness the hardships of fate?
Ye Nymphs and ye Swains, who disport on
the Green,
Who my sorrows so often unpitied have seen;
Who've known me retire, when the village was
gay,
With a heart too distrest to partake of your play;
May no Fate unpropitious your gambols destroy,
Nor blast the fair blossoms of Hope and of Joy;
In *Spring-tide* of life may each Nymph have her
Swain,
And your union uninjur'd thro' *Winter* remain!
May your fortune be gentle, as mine is unkind
And no climate e'er see you your Love left be-
hind;
By no want, by no sorrow, no absence e'er crost,
May you revel in blessings, I mourn to have lost.

The SYMPATHY Of NATURE.

WHAT means this dull silence, which reigns thro' the grove?
The birds have forgot their fond carols of love,
The lark hangs his head and sits moping below,
Not a note to be heard but the ill-boding crow!
The flow'rs too are dying, the sun hides his head,
The winds scarcely sigh, & all nature seems dead!
Some dreadful misfortune hangs over our plains,
And nature in *Sympathy* mourns for our pains.—
Misfortune indeed! for my *Laura* must go,
(The thought is distracting) & leave me to woe;
Ah! leave me to wander, to weep, and to sigh,
Ah! leave me to sorrow, to mourn, and to die.
Accurst be the fortune, which hinders her stay,
Accurst be the hour takes my charmer away;
But ten-times accurst if that ever can be (me!
Or fortune or time, which may keep her from

The FAREWEL.

"— — *Vale, vale, inquit, Iola.* "

Farewel, farewel, my Love, she said:
VIRGIL.

ADIEU, my Fair! at once I bid adieu,
Distracting thought! to happiness and you.
Had I with you been cast beneath the line,
Where Sol's fierce rays on sandy deserts shine;
Had I with you, where winds tempest'ous blow,
Been stretch'd on mountains of eternal snow:
Wretched enough!—more wretched I may be!
Far happier there—than bid *adieu* to thee!
Ah! is it you, who break an honest heart?
Ah is it you, who wish that we shou'd part?
Was it for this? I did my heart resign,
When fierce with joy I prest your lips to mine?
Was it for this? for this detested end?
You call'd yourself, my Lover and my Friend?

'Twas but to leave me here without relief,
Distracted, hopeless, overwhelm'd with grief,
Go then, ungrateful!—leave me here to die;
Find if you can a Lover true as I!

LAURA, forgive these rovings of my Love,
My wild despair, which will rebellious prove:
" In reason's spite, " it calls you an ingrate,
And points me out the object of your hate.
'Tis madness all!—I know your love sincere,
I've seen your eye swell with the gushing tear;
Kiss'd it away, because it fell for me,
My heart o'ercharg'd with tender sympathy,
Each thought was love; the pleasing madness
stray'd
Thro' my whole Soul; my love-sick fancy play'd
In dreams extatic; ev'ry thought was YOU,
And this the picture my fond fancy drew:
" In some small cot, some quiet snug retreat
" At equal distance from the *poor* and *great*,

" Belov'd, and loving calm our days roll on,
"In joys to only faithful lovers known;
" Love charms the heart, in ev'ry aspect smiles,
" Each anxious grief, and heart-felt care beguiles.
" Another pleasing scene, pure source of joy,
" The prattling daughter, and the smiling boy;
" Around your knees the lovely triflers play
" Devoid of care, and innocently gay. "

But you, all hope, all pleasure to destroy,
Dash'd from my lips, this one small cup of joy:
For you, obdurate, leave me here to mourn,
I know, I feel that you will ne'er return;
I hear it plain, as if an angel spoke,
My heart can't feel it and remain unbroke.

If past my hope, you e'er return again,
What joys, what pleasure will for you remain?
My heart, worn out with an excess of grief,
Will long ere that have met a wish'd reprief!

" Oh come, great King of Terrors! with thee
bring
" Thy sharpest dart, thy most envenom'd sting,
" Strike deep at once, thou'lt find I will not
shrink
" Nor tremble on eternity's dread brink,
" Launch out with pleasure to a world unknown
" It cannot use me worse than this has done. "

If you are doom'd to see that joyful day,
When my tir'd soul to Heav'n shall wing its way,
When my frail flesh's committed to the dust,
To wait the coming of the GOOD and JUST.
You then will weep, but *then*, alas! too late!
Weep without ceasing my untimely fate;
Will fall, like me, a victim to your Love
And haste to meet me in the realms above.

The CONSTANT LOVER,

An Acrostic.

AS thro the meads with heart opprest with woe
A Swain walks forth, dull, melancholy, slow,
The whistling winds blow shrill & on their wings
Bear the rude Ditty, which his sorrow sings.

Beauty's a frail and fleeting flow'r,
*B*looms and then withers in a day,
Enchants the thoughtless for an hour,
*E*mpty, fluttering, vain and gay!
Never on a beauteous face,
*N*e'er on a form, tho' fair, rely,
Judge not by that which wears apace
*J*ust like a Meteor passing by.
AMongst the fairest of the fair,
*A M*an deceiv'd may ever seek

In vain may hope love lodges where
*I*nticing dimples deck the cheek.
No!—seek an honest, feeling heart,
*N*e'er to a Lover's vows untrue;
Joy you'll receive and joy impart,
*J*ustice this step will still pursue.
Once days for me in pleasure past,
*O*ne dear-lov'd Charmer I had found;
Hope spread its sails to fancy's blast,
*H*ow soon my barque was run aground.
No length of time, no change of place,
*N*o fortune, which I e'er can find,
Shall that impression e'er deface
*S*he left imprinted on my mind
One *Love alone* I ever knew,
*O*n her alone my soul can rest,
No fate shall tempt to seek a new,
*N*o wants I have if she be blest.

Translations

and

Imitations.

ADONIS,

An ELEGY;

From the GREEK of

DION.

FAIR Cyprian Queen, in robes of Tyrian dye,
Dissolv'd in ease and sleep no longer lie;
Clad in black garments strike thy heaving breast,
A stranger now to happiness and rest.
Dead is ADONIS! 'tis for him you mourn,
"Yes!—he is dead!"—the weeping Loves return.
On the black hills scarce breathes the lovely boy,
While VENUS weeps for her expiring joy.
Down his white thigh distils the purple gore,
Rent by the tusks of a devouring Boar;
Feebler and feebler grow his languid eyes,

From his sweet lips the roseate colour flies;
Dead is the Kiss, which Venus lov'd so well,
On his dead lips yet Venus loves to dwell!
Dwells yet in fondness! but the lovely Boy
Partakes no longer of the heartfelt joy.
Dead is Adonis ('tis for him I mourn)
"Yes!—he is dead!"—the weeping Loves return.
Deep on his thigh the gaping wound is seen,
Yet deeper wounded is the Cyprian Queen.
His dogs howl round him, still a faithful train;
The hills re-echo as the Nymphs complain.
With hair dishevelled thro' the trackless groves,
Undress'd, distracted, now the Goddess roves,
Tho' the sharp thorns her sacred body wound,
With his dear name the winding vales resound:
Alas! in vain!—Adonis' snowy side
With blood fresh-streaming is in purple dy'd.
"Ah! wretched Venus!" thus the Loves complain,

" Lost all her beauty when her love was slain,
" Lovely she was, but now, since he is dead,
" Her form divine is with ADONIS fled."
" *Alas! Alas!*"—the lofty mountains cry;
" ALAS! ALAS!"—the waving oaks reply.
The winding streams, when *Venus* weeps, complain,
The murm'ring rills weep for *Adonis* slain:
Each flow'r with grief hangs down its head & dies,
While Love's fair Goddess in the mountains cries
" Ah wretched VENUS! thy poor Lover's slain."
Echo repeats it in a mournful strain;
Who does not weep? what heart tho' hard as stone,
Melts not with pity, when it hears her Moan?
But when She saw the life-sustaining tide
Gush from the wound and stain his snowy side;
Close to her breast the lovely Boy she strains,

In mournful accents of her fate complains;
" Stay my ADONIS!—oh ill-fated Boy!
" Stay but a moment, 'till I kiss my Joy!
" One last embrace, fond as you us'd to join
" (When warm with life) thy roseate lips to mine;
" Oh! let me take one last sad taste of love,
"Which, from my lips, no time shall e'er remove:
" Ages unnumber'd there thy kiss shall stay,
" Dear as thyself in youthful beauty gay.
" But thou art going to those gloomy plains
" Where the grim King inexorable reigns;
" I cannot follow!—ah!—the fates deny
" To wretched me the privilege to die!
" Daughter of Ceres, all that's fair and good
" Must visit thee beyond the Stygian flood!
" More pow'rful there than I!—I weep, I mourn,
" Lest thou like me, shou'd for ADONIS burn!
" Oh much belov'd, you die!—as frail you seem
" As the vain image of a morning's dream;

" Venus is left;—useless the Cupids rove,
" Useless my CESTUS since I lost my Love
" Why did you hunt, with wild beasts to engage?
" Too lovely far to scorn the wild boar's rage. "
Thus Venus wept: around the Loves complain
"Ah, Paphian Goddess, thy poor Lover's slain!"
Not faster flows the blood down his white thighs,
Than tears celestial flow from Venus' eyes:
Where his blood flows there springs the purple rose
And where her tears th' *Anemonè* now blows.
Fair Cyprian Queen, no longer mourn thy love,
In the wild thickets of the pathless grove;
Bereft of motion, stretch'd upon thy bed,
Lovely as sleeping, tho' the youth be dead,
The softest cov'ring round his body place,
His drooping head let fringed pillows grace:

Let flow'ry garlands hang his bier around;
" The flow'rs are dead, no garland can be found! "
Let Balm and Nard and Cassia be supplied;
" They lost their sweetness when ADONIS died!"
The winged Loves around his purple bed,
With hair dishevell'd weep *Adonis* dead,
Beneath their feet their bows are cast unbent,
Their glitt'ring quivers now to pieces rent:
His sandals one unties;—another brings,
In golden jars, clear water from the springs,
One (while another wipes his gory wound)
With flutt'ring pinions spreads the Zephyrs round,
Hymen his torch (his nuptial garland torn)
Has quite extinguish'd (for the Cupids mourn)
Ceas'd are their lyres, their cheerful songs of love;
And heart-felt sighs each panting bosom move.

The GRACES weep and, as they weep, complain,
E'en more than VENUS for ADONIS slain;
The PARCÆ too, unmoveable before,
Weep when they think Adonis is no more,
Wish to unweave his web, and call again
The fair Adonis from th' Elysian plain.
But, no!—it cannot be!—he does not hear!
Or if he did;—A Goddess keeps him there.
Fair Queen of Love, at last thy sorrows cease,
Let thy fond heart enjoy the calms of peace;
Yet one short year thou may'st thy Lover mourn
Who's gone from thee:—Ah! never to return!

SPRING;

From the GERMAN of

GESNER.

" *Tristis hyems adoperta gelu nunc deniq; cedit,*
" *Et pereunt victæ sole tepente nives.* "

WHAT Symphony divine, what joyful notes
Now chase away my morning's foolish dreams?
A joy celestial thrills thro' ev'ry sense.
'Tis lovely SPRING! 'tis thou I now review
Deckt with the laughing grace of sportive youth!

GESNER is well known as a POET from his death of ABEL, a work, which has been translated into (nearly) all EUROPEAN Languages.

His IDYLLS are not so much known, tho' equally remarkable for sweet simplicity of style.—In the following little Poem I have endeavoured to translate not only GESNER'S THOUGHTS, but also the STYLE of his writings; being a medium between Verse and Prose: My desire to make the Translation bear an uniformity to the rest of this work made me distinguish the lines.

THE AUTHOR.

From orient East *Aurora* brings thee back,
She's purple-clad; and with thee too she brings
Gay *Mirth*, and *Laughter* noisy-loud—and *Love*;
Love! who with wanton eye surveys the groves,
The flow'ry meadows; and, beforehand, smiles
When counting o'er the victories he'll gain.
Already he prepares his bow to bend,
The quiver dreadful on his shoulder shakes:
The *Graces* arm-in-arm shine in his train:
Thrice charming Groupe! your gay arrival's like
The Sun's first beams, which kiss the face of morn.
Birds without end now wanton in the clouds,
And shoot delighted cross the ruddy streaks;
They fly to meet and greet thee with a song.
Full of impatience now the youthful rose
Tries to break forth the bud; and who can first
Expand its little womb to gain perfumes,
And smile with pleasure at approaching spring.

The sportive Zephyrs, with their wanton jests,
Announce thy coming; from the hill they shoot,

And dart along the vale; the groves they pass,
And gently whisp'ring steal the forest thro';
With smile malicious they betray the place
The haughty beauty, whom the shepherd loves,
Has chose to lurk to listen to his song.
They mark the place, the shepherdess was caught
With shepherds dancing; & they make her blush.
Flutt'ring thro' brakes and bushes oft they find
The sleeping Nymph's retreat; and where the
To shady Grottoes unobserv'd retire; (Fauns
These stagg'ring issue forth, the Satyrs join
With shouts of joy, and pipe's harmonious
sound (ope
To call the cheerful Nymphs.—The Naiads
Their silver urns, which they had kept close shut
While Winter reign'd:—The Rivers, which they
pour, (trunks
Sometimes run murm'ring 'midst the aged
Of tow'ring oaks, whose twining branches make
A shade impervious to the noon-day Sun:

Sometimes they rush impetuous from the rocks,
Which crown the summet of the rugged woods,
And form a grand cascade; sometimes they flow
Meand'ring thro' the meads; at last they meet
In groves delicious, spreading pleasant lakes,
Oft clipping in their waves the snowy limbs
Of youthful beauties coming there to bathe.
Thou com'st sweet SPRING, to open ev'ry joy!
The spring then reign'd, my Friends, when on the lake,
Our Barque nice balanc'd cut the silver waves;
The silver waves came, skipping like a troop
Of jocund dancers, to embrace our boat;
With us the wanton Zephyrs joy'd; they chas'd,
With roaring noise they broke the meeting wave;
While others back recoiling from our barque,
Upon the shady bank, made Echo speak,
And laughing loud join'd in the gen'ral joy:
They flew amongst the reeds, which gently bent
Their drooping heads, invited by the breeze;

They soon again return'd, and jocund frisk't
In waving blasts around our little boat.
'Twas then, my Friends, you me a King pro-
claim'd
And round my brows a vine-leaf garland twin'd;
Gay joy and pleasure smil'd upon us all.
Spring reign'd again, my dearest Friends, when
Beneath a lofty mountain rear'd a cot (we
Compos'd of verdant branches, in its shade
Stretcht on the lowly turf, we drank, we sung
A cheerful song:—and as we sung, embrac'd,
The woodland Gods attended to our lays,
And, in soft murmurs, sung them after us;
E'en now again amid the shady wood,
Or 'neath the covert of some hanging rock,
Then chaunt our carols in the festive dance.
Make haste, sweet Spring, thou com'st to
clothe our meads (and Bow'rs
With flow'rs fresh-blooming:—Forests, Groves
To deck again with leafy honours gay.

BACCHUS with old SILENUS and his train
Greet thy return with an enchanting smile,
Where can they meet? where can they better
smile
Than where the foilage makes a verdant shade?
Often beneath a shady fragrant bow'r
LOVE comes to meet gay Bacchus;—Muses too
The God to visit, for he loves their songs.
He also sings; but often makes a pause
For the loud laugh, and shakes upon his head
The vine-leaf garland, which o'ershades his face:
He holds a flowing bowl:—His journey sings
To the far distant realms of EASTERN INDE;
The swarthy nations how he conquer'd sings:
How in his early youth he went on board
A pirate ship, and Dolphins made the men;
How round the mast the creeping ivy ran,
And springing vines made fast the lab'ring oar;
How from his mouth flow'd floods of luscious
wine!

The cup he drain'd, then laugh'd and sung again,
How he gave being to the fragrant rose.
" I wish'd " said, *He* " t' embrace a youthful
Nymph;
" The beaut'ous vixen fled with nimble foot,
" Scarce touch'd the flow'rs, and looking back,
she smil'd,
" She smil'd malicious as I stagger'd on,
" And strove to follow with unsteady step.
" By STYX I swear the Nymph had quite escap'd
" Had not a friendly thorn-bush caught and
held
(wind.
" Her robe's long-train, which flutter'd in the
" Enchanted I approach'd, & strok'd her cheek;
" My fair, said I, why need you be afraid?
" I'm BACCHUS, God of *Wine*, & God of *Joy*,
" Young and eternal! Bowing with respect,
" *She* turn'd her lips quite ready for the kiss.
" To mark my grateful thanks I touch'd the
thorn,

" To bear ordain'd it Flow'rs of lovely red,
" Sweet as the blush, which mantled on her cheek
" Thus I ordain'd & thus the *Rose* first sprung."
Reclin'd on Moss fir-crown'd the sylvan PAN;
With fixt attention heard the cheerful song,
His head leant on his hand, he sigh'd & said;
" Ah! happier thou than I, when I pursued,
" SYRINX the fair.—Inexorable Love! "
(Love smil'd in malice to be thus addrest)
" How cruel cou'd'st thou rack my lovesick heart,
" And change my Nymph into a bunch of reeds."
Thus he—and silent view'd with down-cast eyes
His pipe compos'd of sev'n unequal reeds:
He thurst it 'neath the cup: the cup he drain'd,
And chas'd chagrin and sorrow far away.
Then LOVE too sung the splendid victories,
He over cruel beauties erst had gain'd.
My lov'd *Brunnette!* how great will be my joy,
If e'er thy name his victories shou'd grace.

The broken PITCHER;

From the GERMAN *of*

GESNER.

BENEATH an oak a shaggy Fawn was laid,
In sleep profound he stretch'd him in the shade.
The youthful shepherds saw, and laughing spoke,
" Fast let us bind him to this tow'ring oak,
" He then shall sing to us some cheerful lay
" Ere from confinement he escapes away.
They bind him tightly to an oaken stake,
And then the Fawn with pelting acrons wake;
" Where am I?"—as he wak'd, he yawning cried;
(His arms and hoofs to stretch he vainly tried)
" Where am I? where's my Flute? my PITCHER where?
" Ah! see a Piece of my dear Pitcher there!

" Loaden with wine, last night I've fallen here;
" And, lo! 'tis broke!
" But who has bound me thus?" he look'd about,
And by their laughter found the shepherds out;
" Release me, pretty youths," he said, " come, come along!
We'll not release you till you sing a song."
" What song will please?" he stretch'd, and yawn'd and spoke;
" Oh!—I will sing you of my pitcher broke!
" On the green turf around me lie along."
They laid them down—He thus begun his song.

" *'Tis broke!—'Tis broke!*
" *See here the fragments lie!*
" *What Pitcher e'er cou'd with my Pitcher vie?*
" My PITCHER, thou wast very neat,
" The honour of my sylvan seat!
" A God once past the woods among,

" I hail'd him as he pass'd along;
" Come here, and drink, and you may too
" Of my neat Pitcher have a view;
" Not Jove himself, howe'er he dine,
" Had e'er a Pitcher neat as mine!
" *'Tis broke!—'Tis broke!*
" *See here the fragments lie!*
" *What Pitcher e'er cou'd with my Pitcher vie?*
" When Friends assembled at my grot,
" We round about my *Pitcher* sat;
" We drank!
" And he, who drinks, still as he sips,
" Sings o'er the tales, which touch his lips,
" Alas! no more with heart-felt glee
"We'll sing the tales emboss'd on thee,
" My Friends, no more my Pitcher neat
" Can hold the liquor when we meet!
" *'Tis broke—'Tis broke!*
" *See here the fragments lie!*
" *What Pitcher e'er cou'd with my Pitcher vie?*

" Upon my Pitcher's beaut'ous side
" Was graven PAN most terrified;
" 'Twas when the Nymph he thought to hold,
" And safe within his arms enfold,
" Chang'd, from his arms she just recedes,
" And grows into a bunch of reeds;
" Of diff'rent lengths the reeds he takes,
" And fastens with a joint of wax;
" He made a pipe, and very soon
" Play'd on the bank a mournful tune,
" Echo heard the novel sound,
" And made the woods and hills rebound.
" *'Tis broke!—'Tis broke!*
" *See here the fragments lie!*
" *What Pitcher e'er cou'd with my Pitcher vie?*
" See JUPITER amidst the waves,
" How like a bull, his sides he laves,
" While joyous on his back he bears
" The fair *Europa* drench'd in tears;

" His flatt'ring tongue caress'd her knees,
" White as the snow before the breeze;
" She wept, and both her hands she spread,
" Lamenting o'er her beaut'ous head;
" Gamb'ling the wanton Zephyrs play'd,
" As thro' her curling hair they stray'd;
" The sportive *Loves* on Dolphins rode
" Attendant on the mimic God.
" *'Tis broke!—'Tis broke!*
" *See here the fragments lie!*
" *What Pitcher e'er cou'd with my Pitcher vie?*
" And beaut'ous BACCHUS 'neath a vine,
" Where clust'ring grapes with honour shine,
" Is laid along and by his side
" Of Nymphs the Dryads' greatest pride;
" Beneath his neck her left is laid,
" Her right above his head is rais'd;
" With this she holds the sparkling cup
" His smiling lips desire to sup;

" With sparkling eye the God regards,
" And wishes kisses for rewards.
" The speckled Tygers at his feet
" With fawning air the raisins eat,
" Which the fair hands of Cupids give,
" With whom the Nymphs and Bacchus live.
" Let Echo thro' the woods rebound;
" Let Fauns make ev'ry grotto sound.
" *'Tis broke!—'Tis broke!*
" *See here the fragments lie!*
" *What Pitcher e'er cou'd with my Pitcher vie!* "
Thus sung the Faun; the youngsters him unbound,
And view'd the fragments scatter'd on the ground.

The VANITY of human PURSUITS;

In IMITATION

Of the tenth SATIRE of

*JUVENAL.

IN all the world, from China's distant shores,
To where the vast Atlantic Ocean roars,
From error free, how few the truly wise,
Who rightly judge where good or evil lies;
What reason bids or to desire or shun,
What things to do, and what to leave undone?
Suppose you wish; suppose that wish obtain'd,
You rue too late the Blessing you have gain'd;
Heav'n grants your pray'r, how cou'd it use you worse,

* The MANNER of treating this subject is JUVENAL's, but the MATTER the AUTHOR's.

When, what you thought a BLESSING proves
a CURSE?

Rich Peace is hurtful; hurtful too is War;
Hurtful the copious torrent of the Bar.
Dangers on dangers with our wealth encrease,
And *treasur'd Gold* the poison is of peace.
The well-stor'd trav'ller dreads th' approach of
night,
If a reed moves, he trembles with affright:
In doubt he stares; must he advance or fly?
And sees a Robber, when no Robber's nigh.
But undismay'd the Poor-man keeps his way,
Passes the Rogue, and sings a roundelay.

" *Oh! give me* RICHES! " is the constant cry,
From earth ascending to the vaulted sky.
But think, when on the Stand the Goblets shine
With gold and gems and rich Campanian Wine,
That *Poison* lurks within a cup so gay;
No *Hemlock's* mixt in rustic bowls of clay!

And don't you now admire the **Grecian* Sage
Who laugh'd at all the FOLLIES of the age?
Or †*Him*, whose cheeks a constant stream be-
In *pity to the* FOLLIES *of the crowd?* dew'd
Easy the *Cynic* laugh;—but still to cry!
What copious fount cou'd constant tears supply!
Had *That* liv'd now what laughter might he find
In ev'ry rank and order of mankind?
See Rogues in Office clad in Robes of State;
And flaming Patriots, who their country hate.
See honest Statesmen cheat the Man of Trade,
And break the Laws, which they themselves
have made:
The Man of Honour wrong his Neighbour's Bed,
Then send a brace of bullets thro' his head.

* DEMOCRITUS, was of ABDERA, the greatest Philosopher of his Time; he continually laughed; the Athenians, sent the great Physician HIPPOCRATES to cure him, thinking him to be mad, but after some discourse with him, Hippocrates told them "It was not Democritus but the Athenians, who were mad."

† HERACLITUS was of EPHESUS; he is said to have wept, every time he walked out, because of the Follies of Mankind.

See Stars and Garters, Coronets and Sticks;
And humble Prelates in a Coach and Six.
See Maids of Honour get the F***** D******,
And Wives please all but those they ought to
please.
Wou'd he not laugh till his lank sides were sore
At all the follies of the rich and poor?
Laugh at their Griefs, their Hopes, their Care,
their Joy, (ploy?
And all the *Nothings*, which their thoughts em-
Point with his finger when the croud he past,
And think each Fool a greater than the last?
Ambition prompts the Proud in Courts to
shine,
But tott'ring to their fall they'll soon repine,
That e'er they wish'd in honours to be great,
And basely rule the *Man* who rules the state.
The great rewards, which worldly grandeur brings,
The certain end of those who govern Kings,
What they at last must reap let WOLSEY tell:

How high he soar'd!—How dreadfully he fell?
A mighty Kingdom trembled at his nod;
Each Peer and Peasant bow'd, and kiss'd the rod.
His lands, his houses, equipage and plate,
His vast attendance and his princely state
The prostrate world admir'd, and all confest,
'Twas WOLSEY only fortune render'd blest:
Each Courtier cring'd;—each Poet vied to sing
The *Man* who dar'd to say, " *I and my King.* "
" Proud pompous Prelate! soon it must be o'er;
" Of all thy flatt'rers, who'll thy fall deplore,
" Hurl'd headlong from thy greatness thou'lt
confess, (less;
" Thou had'st been happier had thy pride been
" By thine own hand the threaten'd danger shun,
" And curse the course thy vanity had run.
" Whose now thy wealth to buy the Pontiff's
chair? (Heir. "
" Thy King was plunder'd, and he's now thy
Thus WOLSEY fell, thus humbled in the dust,

His mem'ry too by every age accurst.

The gallant ESSEX, gen'rous, young & brave,
Ambition brought to an untimely grave.
Less by the head, a spectacle of woe,
He points the way which royal Fav'rites go.

High in the court the prosp'rous *VILLARS rose,
But felt the more the envy of his foes.
Nor cou'd the ROYAL CHARLES save his life,
From the wild rage of FELTON's murd'ring knife.
Had he been happy in his low estate,
Nor wish'd to figure 'mongst the rich and great;
Safe in his cot he might have liv'd and died,
Free from all Dangers, which attend on pride.
Search thro' the Annals since the birth of time,
Find, if you can, in any age or clime,
Ambition's Slaves from ev'ry danger free,
Or not detested for their tyranny!
Such Men as these e'en Death can scarce secure,

* Duke of Buckingham.

Their Names abhor'd while Sun and Moon endure.

The Lust of Empire, and the Din of Arms,
The Pride of Conquest, & of Pow'r the Charms
Each petty Tyrant loves! I know not why:
Is he delighted to see *Millions* die?
With smiling eyes can he persist to gaze,
While *Empires* perish in one common blaze?
It may be so;—But weigh the Hero's Dust
The black-arm'd EDWARD's is *Six-Ounces* just!
What profits now in Fields his great renown,
Or what's he better than the Cornish clown?
The sturdiest wrestler on the neighb'ring green,
If born to empire, might a Conqu'ror been,
Where's Macedonian PHILIP, and his SON,
The *drunken Madman*, who the world o'errun?
What came of POMPEY? Let th' *Egyptians* tell,
The *Roman Senate* knew how CÆSAR fell.
Where are our HENRIES? where our EDWARDS?—say!

Like the light dews of morning swept away.
No warlike Armies now attend their call,
No bowing Menials croud the stately hall,
No flatt'ring Courtiers in their presence wait,
No Yeoman of the Guard, no Coach of State.
Yet still they've *Levees*, crawling worms, which prey
On these once-mighty Monarchs pamper'd clay.
Alive for each an Empire was too small,
But now sufficient is *a seven-foot* hole.
The *Peasant* asks no less, the *Prince* no more,
His Grave, his Kingdom, and his shroud, his Store.
Death levels all, 'tis the ETERNAL's plan
To shew the Littleness of *Pigmy Man*!
" *Propitious Heav'n! O give me* LENGTH *of Days!* ".
Without a blush the humble Suppliant prays;
But who can tell th' unnumber'd ills which wait
The Man who dwindles in that *wish'd-for* state?

Tell, if you can!—and you might tell as soon
The radiant Sun-beams of a Summer's Noon;
The fleecy Flocks, which over **Skiddaw* stray;
The frisking Flies, which in the Meadows play;
The swelling Waves, which in the Ocean roll;
The glitt'ring Stars, which gild th' etherial Pole;
They're not so many!—Ev'ry day he lives
But fresh affliction to the *Old-Man* gives.
The Wife he lov'd, the sweet endearing Friend,
Has long since left him to lament her End:
Wife of his youth! whose fondness never ceas'd,
And loss of him Death's sharpest pangs encreas'd.
(May I lie buried in my native Clay,
Before the Hour, which takes my Fair away!)
Where are the *Joys* of AGE? the mighty bliss?
Or who cou'd wish to bear a curse like this?
Staff of his age his Sons and Daughters die,
His spreading Household in one ruin lie.
No friend of his the dread destroyer spares,

* The highest Mountain, from its Base, in England.

But constant Black the Man of *Eighty* wears!
What diff'rent now whate'er in youth he were;
How strong and active, or how tall or fair,
Shrivel'd and wrinkled like a Mother Ape,
The same in features and the same in shape.
Bare is his Head and toothless is his Jaw,
Dim is the Eye, which once so clearly saw,
Stamm'ring his Tongue, his dull and useless Ear,
Can scarce the Clangor of the Clarion hear.
His palsied Limbs a Fever only warms,
His tasteless palate Wine no longer charms.
But worst at last;—to close the wretched scene,
He quite forgets what *He himself* has been.
"Ill-natur'd Bard!" some peevish man may say,
"What blessings else from Providence to pray?"
I'll tell thee, Friend, 'tis Heav'n alone, who knows,
Both what is best and what is best bestows:

Kind when it gives, kind when it takes away,
Kind in the last as in the natal day.
Ask health of Body, ask too health of Mind,
And leave the rest to him, who's always kind.
How rich or great, how long or short thy life;
How blest with Children or how chaste thy Wife,
Pass a few years away and these will be
A fleeting Shade, a Nothingness to THEE!
Gone like the Image of a Morning's Dream
Swept down with thee by Time's wide wasting Stream.
Ask virtue then and if thou'st Virtue giv'n,
Ask for no more of all indulgent Heav'n.

THE

METAMORPHOSE

OF

HORACE.

L. II. ODE XX.

A PARODY.

UPON a wing untried I soon will rise,
And soar with boldness 'till I reach the skies.
No longer here, a Poet, will I stay,
But thro' the liquid Æther take my way;
Tho' poor in birth, Mæcenas, lov'd by thee,
I will not die, nor Stygian waters see!
Envy avaunt!—already on my thighs
I find a roughness in the skin to rise;

Above already to a bird I'm chang'd,
And on my shoulders snow, white feathers
rang'd,
On my own wings—(I'll not like Ic'rus soar)—
I'll go and see the waves of Caffa roar:
Cackling along o'er Lybian Quicksands roam,
Or make the Artic's snowy hills my home,
O'er Asia too, o'er Germany, o'er Spain,
And where the Scythian frigid Winters reign.
Let no vain pomp my funeral attend;
No shameful weeping for your *feather'd* friend;
No hideous clamours for my death let loose,
I'll cackle for myself—for I'm—a Goose!

De Absentiâ.

ODE LYRICA,

SIVE

PINDARICA,

SIVE

Quicquid vis!

In quâ omnes Horatii numeri complexantur.

B. J. AUCTORE.

AD LECTOREM.

Siquis hoc opusculum recensere & cum Horatii numeris comparare velit; ad calcem annotatiunculæ Odas ad singulas adjiciuntur referentes, quibus facillime mentem explere queat.

De Absentiâ.

Ode Lyrica,

sive &c.

*Benè doctus, (procul est cara puella)
Mala cantabo, dolores & acerbos,
Animum quæ cruciant semper amantis:
† Cum fortuna procul mobilis abstrahit
Illum per freta, per saxaq; inhospita,
Fraudis si teneat pectore subdolæ
Ignaro Venerem sacram.
‡ Cum det corpus somno, semper imago per quietem
Gratæ puellæ devenire visa,
Basia vel præstantia melli dat labris amantis,
Vel nexa collo candidis lacertis

*L. 1. O. 12.— †L. 1. O. 6.— ‡L. 1. O. 4.

*Pendet, at jamjam juvenis decora
Lachrymæ fundent tepidæ per ora
Suscitantis; nam effugiet tenebris
Dulcis amica.

‖An tacitam sylvam perlustrat, agrosq; virentes
Sub arborem recumbit, an sua
Membra refrigerat undas ad fontis salientes
Puella semper interest ei.

†Cum fagi teretis cortice nomina
Crescunt scripta stylo suavia ferreo,
Tunc sylvæ resonant carmine flebili
Moerentis; quia nunc dissitus est procul,

‡Ejus turbatur gelidâ formidine pectus
Ne immemor illa fuisset;
Ne juvenis præsens aliquis deflecteret illam
Desereret quòd amorem.

¶Indulge genio, puer,
Exultans animo magnificas para

*L. 1. O. 2.— ‖*Epod.* 16.— †L. 1. O. 1.
‡L. 4. O. 7.— ¶L. 1. O. 3.

Læto, si poteris, dapes;

Baccho sacraq; libamina dedica!

*In mediâ tenetur

Fortè puella & tua nunc morte, jacetq; lecto

Voce vocans trementi

Nomen amati sibi semper penitus remotum.

†Cessa jocos, revelle flosculos tuis

Temporibus roseos;

Opta citas Chaoniæ

Pennas columbæ ut advoles illi, puer,

Serius invenies

Quam vana vota sunt tua.

‡Quid tibi nunc? nihil est præter plorare relictum,

Absentemq; dolere puellam;

Ni redeas, & in optatis amplexibus, ejus

Tristia mentis vulnera sanes.

‖Felix amator, curre per æquora,

*L. 1. O. 8.— †*Epod.* 11. — ‡L. 1. O. 7. ‖L. 1. O. 9.

Expande ventis carbasa; cui licet
Nunc regredi, dum copia est nunc
Terq; quaterq; tibi beato.
*O utinam misero mihi idem fortuna benigna
Concederet!—sed improba
Claudit iter rigidum;
Horrida tempestas nimbis & grandine fervens
Terret viatorem; & tenet
Mille peric'la viæ.
‖Autem, crede mihi, pars melior semper eris mei
Alma luce magis caraq; dum spiritus erigit
†Membra; —meq; fervido
Sub axe solis atq; inhospitis arenis
Africæ, vel horridis
Jugis nive eloca geluq; sempiterno;
‡Te omnia per mala semper amabo, blanda puella.
At si te fatum dederit volventibus annis,

*Epod. 13.— ‖L. 1. O. 11.— †L. 1. O. 18.
‡Hex.

*Non te unquam patiar pectoribus meis
Evelli; sed amor vincula solverit
Tantum morte suprema:
Non, non vincula solverit!
Ille dies nostrum nam ducet utriq; ruinam,
Amborum extollet funeraq; ille dies;
Et junctis una manibus per sidera cœli
Ibimus: æternos tuncq; vigebit amor.

*L. 1. O. 5.

Nota, lector, obsecro, est mihi *L.* 1. *O.* 7. *V.* 2. Spondæus, sed Horatio tantum sylluba longa; & *L.* 1. *O.* 8. est mihi Choriambus purus & lenis, sed Horatio impurus & asper:—Hæc non consultò, sed omnino errore acciderunt, & spero te mihi eum condaturum.——

B. J.

The TRANSLATION.

MY Love far hence, well skill'd I sing the woes,
The carking cares the absent lover knows,
When fickle fortune him removes,
Thro' seas and rocks and meads and groves,
If still he keeps, at each remove,
Within his breast one thought of love.
When on his bed the peaceful slumbers close his eyes
The lovely nymph appears;
The honied kiss prest to his lips, or fondly lies
Upon his breast in tears;
But soon the youth shall sigh and groan
To find his lovely mistress gone,
And with the fleeting darkness flown.
If thro' the silent wood he strays,
Or pensive stretch'd beneath the shade,
He sees his girl go flilting by

If near the purling stream he's laid.
When on the beech's tap'ring bole
He carves the charmer of his soul,
The echoing wood shall hear the lay,
Lamenting that his love's away.
Chilling fear disturbs his sorrowing heart
Lest she unfaithful prove;
Some other youth may cause his better part
Quite to neglect his love.
Indulge thy genius now, my Boy,
Heap the costly banquet high,
Enjoy thy fill of mirth and joy,
Sparkling goblets standing by.
In Death's fell jaws
The girl thou lov'st perhaps is now enthrall'd
And scarcely draws
Thy name from lungs by Death already seiz'd:
Cease the Joke!
Let thy rosy Crown be broke;
" Oh! that Love

" Wou'd make me winged like the Dove;
" Then wou'd I
" To my darling quickly fly. "
Wish, desire!
Vain the wings thou dost require!
What now is left? what can'st thou do but weep
And mourn the absent fair?
Unless return, and in her wish'd embraces end
The wounds of anxious care.
Happy Lover, scour the seas,
Spread the canvas to the gale;
Happy, tentimes happy thou!
Who hast now got pow'r to sail.
Oh! how I wish that fortune kind wou'd grant
The same to wretched me!
But unpropitious she
Stills bars the happiness for which I pant.
Thro' the Clouds the tempest roars,
Dreadful falls the pelting hail
A thousand dangers of the way

Make the trav'ller's heart to fail.
Believe me, Love, that thou shalt ever be,
Dear to my heart, which still will pant for thee;
For place me 'neath Sol's scorching rays,
Which make the ſands of Afric blaze;
Or place me on that fearful ground
By frost and snow eternal bound;
Tho' ev'ry evil man can prove,
I always will my Charmer love.
But if kind Heav'n, as years revolve,
Should grant to me my pray'r,
No pow'r again shall you, my Love,
From my embraces tear.
Grim Death alone shall break the bonds of love
No! no! e'en Death shall here too feeble prove.
Together will we live, together die,
Together in one grave our bodies lie,
Then hand in hand ascend the starry sky
And live—and love to all eternity.

FINIS.

D. Boys, Printer, Doncaster.

Notwithstanding the utmost attention in correcting the press, the few following errors have escaped me, which I hope the kind Reader will correct in their proper places.

B. J.

ERRATA.

Page 16 In the Title, for Laspe, *read* Lapse.
—— 31 L. 8 for tempest, *read* tempests.
—— 32 L. 4 for unknown, *read* unshorn.
—— 81 L. 10 for the, *read* thee.
—— 151 L. 5 for or, *read* nor.
—— 190 L. 15 for then, *read* they.
—— 201 L. 4 for encrease, *read* increase.

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